

75 CENTS

AUGUST 18, 1975

A photograph of Charlie Finley, an older man with white hair, wearing a green St. Patrick's Day hat with a shamrock and a green sweater. He is holding a baseball bat over his shoulder and looking towards the camera. The background is a repeating pattern of white and orange baseballs.

TIME

BASEBALL'S SUPER SHOWMAN

Oakland's
Charlie Finley

This fall, come up and watch the world perform.

This fall, just over the longest, friendliest border in the world, all the world's on stage, in Canada.

Here, you'll discover world-famous Canadian performing companies and international stars entertaining you with the words, works and wisdom of Shakespeare, Shaw, Ibsen, Pinter or Albee. Or dancing to Tchaikovsky. Or performing Chopin, Bach, Mozart and Ravel. Or singing Bacharach and telling you jokes in a fashionable hotel or nightclub.

Here, you'll dine on memorable cuisine, tasting Saumon de la Gaspésie, so deli-

cately flavoured that it's flown, almost daily, to heads of state around the world.

Here, you'll shop for handcrafts, English china, antiques or Eskimo art.

After you've tasted the great indoor life... have a taste of the great outdoor life.

Here, you'll golf, trail ride, fish or hike. Take in a lacrosse game or horse race. Surrounded by the beautiful weather and the almost unbelievable mosaic of nature's fall colours.

And here, the colour of life is every bit as spectacular.

With fall fairs, gala festivals and markets

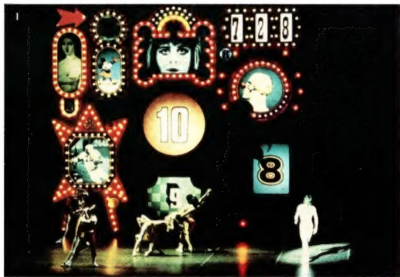
to delight you with the sights and sounds of France, Portugal, Italy, Hong Kong and a score of other places.

This, and so much more, is happening not too far from you. In Canada.

It's uncrowded, the weather's delightful and the service is friendly and courteous. And there's a world of tours, trips and travel packages available to you through travel agents and carriers.

So whether you can spare a long weekend or longer, come up and stay with us awhile.

We'll show you the world.



1 Manitoba. World renowned ballet, just one of the many attractions.



Yukon Territories. One of the world's last great fishing paradises.



2 Northwest Territories. The home of world renowned Eskimo Art.



3 Prince Edward Island. The thrill and excitement of horse racing.

Canada

Come on up and
we'll show you
the world.

Your travel agent or carrier can help you plan and put together a world of your own, this fall, in Canada.



Marlene J. Murray, Pleasant Hills, Pennsylvania

Almost a continent apart, Marlene Murray and Jerry Thomas both developed a new self-perspective through the Dale Carnegie Course.

■ "I knew I lacked the self-confidence I needed," says Marlene. "In the Dale Carnegie Course, I learned to relax and be myself. The Course increased my confidence greatly and I learned to overcome my fear of saying the wrong thing."

"I take a greater part in church activities now and assume more responsibilities. I've learned to convey my interest and enthusiasm to my children and my husband. The Dale Carnegie Course has enriched my life and given me a new outlook in my daily living."

■ Before Jerry Thomas took the Course, he felt the need to be more at ease with people, both at work and at home.

"Since taking the Course, I'm more natural when talking to people, whether they're complete strangers or friends. Through closer listening, I realized how interesting other people can be. Even our employees noticed the changes in the way I work with them."

"Now that I have a greater belief in myself, I'm more effective in almost any situation."



Jerry Thomas, Partner, Thomas Office Products, San Carlos, California

"I have more mutual interests with my wife and children as a result of taking the Course. I'm sincerely responsive to what they have to say. All of us get a lot more enjoyment out of everyday living."

Added self-assurance, heightened interest in others, and improved ability to express one's ideas, are among the many benefits to be gained from the Dale Carnegie Course. It is offered in more than 1,000 U.S. communities, including all major cities and in 51 other countries. For more information call toll-free (800) 833-3753. In New York state, (800) 342-9833. Or write us today.



DALE CARNEGIE COURSE

SUITE 785T • 1475 FRANKLIN AVENUE • GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK 11530

When you say **Budweiser**, you've said it all!



The American Table



In honor of the Bicentennial, we are proud to present The American Table.

Authentic reproductions of traditional American tableware available to American National savers at significant savings.

When it comes to the art and science of banking, American National is one of the most modern and progressive banks in the country.

But in the way we feel about people, we're glad to say we're really quite traditional.

We offer our smallest customer the same courtesy and thorough service that we extend to our largest.

We never lose sight of the fact that almost all the money we work with belongs to other people, who have worked long and hard to earn it.

And our bank itself is decorated in the warm and comfortable style of colonial Williamsburg. Because it gives us and our customers a beautiful place to do business. And because its simple but elegant craftsmanship serves as a daily reminder to us of what people can accomplish when they give all their skill and care to work that they love.

And so, in keeping with that tradition, we are proud to offer our savers, at significant savings, this selection of authentic reproductions of colonial tableware we call "The American Table."

The whole Table, or part of the Table.

As you can see, the complete American Table creates a charming atmosphere.

And some of you may well want to acquire the entire Table: flatware, crystal, hollow ware and centerpiece.

But many people, we realize, will want only parts of it, to complement tableware they already have. For themselves, or, as a gift. And that's an excellent idea.

Because early American tableware is renowned for its flexibility in combining with a variety

of styles, from French Provincial to Danish Modern.

From crystal to centerpiece, one step at a time.

Rather than offering the whole Table at once, we'll be offering different items at each quarterly turn period... the time when you can transfer your savings from one bank to another without losing any interest.

Our first offering is imported, leaded crystal stemware: goblets, wine glasses, and champagne glasses. And it will be available from now until September 15th.

You can get eight glasses of your choice—goblets, wine, or champagne glasses—for just \$25, tax included, when you deposit \$250 or more in a new or existing savings account at American National.

And, if you know how expensive leaded crystal is, you know that's a very good price, to say the least.

Can our Table do something nice for yours?

Deciding whether or not to acquire a new set of tableware isn't easy. Naturally, you'll want to think it over.

So take a good look at the table you set tonight.

Or the next time company comes. And keep this ad handy, so you can see if anything on our Table will do good things for yours.

If so, stop in at either of our two convenient locations and see the Table on display. Or call us at 661-6226.

We'll help you set up a sensible and worthwhile savings program.

And we'll get you started collecting a memento of our country's 200th year that will be of lasting value and usefulness to you, your children, and your grandchildren, in all the years to come.




THE American National Bank
AND TRUST COMPANY OF CHICAGO

LaSalle at Washington/LaSalle at Wacker 60690/Phone (312) 661-5000/Member FDIC

You May Win One of Sixteen All-Expense Paid Vacations to Walt Disney World...

You can win free one-week vacations to Walt Disney World near Orlando, Florida.

"CBS Radio Mystery Theater," which takes you on hour-long trips into the exciting worlds of suspense and intrigue seven nights a week, now offers its most exciting "trips" yet!

Every week for four weeks beginning August 4, someone will win *seven-day, six-night, all-expense paid vacations for four persons* at Walt Disney World. You'll fly first class and stay at the Dutch Inn at Lake Buena Vista.

Swim, golf, play tennis, sail, ride horseback, dine in elegance, and visit all the Disney attractions in the Vacation Kingdom of the World. You'll also see Disney's spectacular Bicentennial celebration — "America On Parade."

We'll be awarding Mickey Mouse wrist watches to 400 other "Mystery Theater" listeners during August.

Just find the radio station that serves your area on the list opposite, and tune in "CBS Radio Mystery Theater." Every night beginning August 4 we'll give you the easy contest details. And every night you'll hear thrilling entertainment to boot!

Get in on this fabulous contest without delay.



From Radio's Great Horror of Ratic to Entertainment.

ALABAMA

Birmingham: WYDE/850
Mobile: WKRG/710
Tuscaloosa: WJRD/1050
Tusculum: WYNA/1590

ALASKA

Fairbanks: KFRB/900

ARIZONA

Phoenix: KOOL/960
Tucson: KQOP/1450

ARKANSAS

Fort Smith: KFPW/1230
Little Rock: KLRN/1010

CALIFORNIA

Bakersfield: KPAC/1560
Chico: KHSB/1290
Eureka: KINS/980

COLORADO

Fresno: KARW/1430
Los Angeles: KNX/1070
Palm Springs: KCMJ/1010

CONNECTICUT

Hartford: WTNH/1230
New Haven: WELI/960

DELAWARE

Wilmington: WTOP/1500

FLORIDA

Daytona Beach: WDBF/1150
Fort Lauderdale: WFTL/1400
Fort Myers: WINK/1240

GEORGIA

Jacksonville: WMBR/1460
Key West: WKWF/1600
Lake City: WDSR/1340

ILLINOIS

Albany: WGPC/1450
Alton: WCAU/1340
Chicago: WBIA/1230

INDIANA

Indianapolis: WIBC/1070
Marengo: WBAF/1400
South Bend: WSBT/960

IOWA

Cedar Rapids: WMT/1600
Des Moines: KRNT/1350
Mason City: KGLQ/1300

KANSAS

Manhattan: KBEA/1480
Pittsburg: KSEK/1340
Topeka: WBW/580

KENTUCKY

Hopkinsville: WHOP/1230
Lexington: WLAP/630
Louisville: WHAS/840

LOUISIANA

Baton Rouge: WBR/1370
Bossier: WBR/1340
Greenville: WNCN/1070

MAINE

Bath: WBBB/1370
Bangor: WABC/1490
Portland: WMOX/1120

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston: WEEI/590
Pittsfield: WGBR/1340
Springfield: WMAZ/1450

MICHIGAN

Ann Arbor: WMAZ/1370
Detroit: WJLW/950
East Lansing: WOL/1240

MINNESOTA

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Minneapolis: WCCO/830
Jackson: WJOS/1450

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Concord: WKXX/1450
Hanover: WTSN/1400

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Springfield: WTAJ/1240
Quincy: WTAD/930

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque: KRZY/1450
Clovis: KWKA/680
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NEW YORK

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Buffalo: WBEZ/1330
Cattaraugus: WENY/1340

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Massena: WMSA/1340
New York: WOR/710

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OHIO

Akron: WAKR/1590
Cincinnati: WKYC/1530
Cleveland: WJW/850

OHIO

Dayton: WHIO/1290
Marion: WMOA/1490
Portsmouth: WPAV/1400

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Youngstown: WKBN/570
Akron: WAKR/1590
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Clear, Cool, Unpolluted Fords

To the Editors:

We had an overdose of Viet Nam. Then came CIA disillusionment, city crime and violence, and a scary shark. The cover photograph of the First Family [July 28] is as refreshing as a clear, cool, unpolluted mountain stream.

Nancy Jordan
Satellite Beach, Fla.

Unmitigated corn.

Pearl Robertson
Lexington, Ky.

When I first saw the cover, a tear ran down my cheek. With the help of the American people, Gerald Ford will

If the first year is any sign of things to come, we're in store for one great man, and even a greater country.

Harold R. Moroz
New York City

Perhaps a good 1976 campaign theme for Jerry Ford would be: "Being President means never having to say yes." After a year in the White House, he has vetoed 36 bills. We know Ford has opposed bills to fund emergency jobs, regulate strip mining, increase moderate-income housing, etc. The question is, what does he stand for?

Charles V. Brown Jr.
Chevy Chase, Md.

Thank you for the glimpse of Jack's room at the White House. For years I have tried to encourage my son to improve the quality of life in the clutter he calls his room. Recently I have besought him to consider how mortally embarrassed he would be if we were to be unexpectedly visited by the President.

You have put my fears to rest. I have just gone and thrown a few clothes on to the pile in case the President comes. I would want him to feel at home.

Evelyn A. Pahl
Bedford, Mass.



lift this country out of its bind and once again instill the love of democracy in the hearts of Americans everywhere.

Peter G. Verniero
Pine Brook, N.J.

Who the hell are you to tell us that Ford has done better than anybody "had reason to expect"? I live in a state with 13% unemployment and adjacent to one with 16%. If he can't or won't do anything about things like that, it's hard to care if Ford has a nice family, likes the rubber-chicken circuit, or can beat up Cambodia. Just because he isn't as sinister as Nixon doesn't mean he's a good President. Quit churning out this cynical, sycophantic pap.

Rod Kaufmann
Cambridge, Mass.

I just felt like hugging the whole group.

Abraham Isaac Carmel
New York City

All that is missing is a notation, "Greetings from Atlantic City."

Daniel Lefevre
Aberdeen, Md.

Havana History

Americans have a longstanding affection for the people of Cuba. Our cultural and economic ties grew stronger throughout this century—until the advent of Communist rule. Obviously we would like to restore them (July 28).

Yet any diplomatic initiative that failed to recognize basic human rights or to strengthen hemispheric security would be unacceptable to the Senate, and, I believe, to the American people.

The Senate often has a different perception of our national interest and our moral commitment to freedom than does the State Department. I hope Dr. Kissinger recognizes such a possibility in this instance and proceeds with great care—and with extensive consultation.

Bill Brock
U.S. Senator, Tennessee
Washington, D.C.

History proves that men who smoke cigars have staying power. Look at the record. Winston Churchill, Groucho Marx, Fidel Castro. Fourteen years Castro waited us out. Now the OAS sanctions have been lifted, and it can be assumed that the elimination of the U.S. embargo will soon follow.

Was embargo a good idea in the first place? It seemed like a good idea at the time, a manner of regaining the pride

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**We wanted to do
a comparison with our
leading competitors.**

Volkswagen



Rabbit

The car that sent Detroit back to the drawing board.

The '75 Rabbit is the winner of Road & Track Magazine's '75 Comparison Road Test.

Though small on the outside the Rabbit has as much head and leg room as some mid-size cars.

More luggage space, with the rear seat folded down, than a Cadillac Fleetwood Brougham.

Plus a hatchback at no extra charge.

All in all it's easy to see why the Rabbit came in first. And not just by a hare.



Dasher

Luxury without extravagance.

In the Dasher, according to Guide to Car Economy, "... VW has achieved almost the unheard-of excellent performance, fuel economy and driveability..."

What's truly remarkable is that Dasher is a family car (available as a 5-seater sedan or as a 4-door wagon) with plenty of room and comfort.

"Throughout the interior, there is evidence of careful, if not lavish attention to finish detail...", says Car & Driver.

Dasher, in short, gives you both luxury and economy.

Why settle for the best of one world when you can have the best of both?



Scirocco

The Hot Car from Volkswagen.

Volkswagen's Scirocco was recently voted one of the "ten best cars for a changing world" by the editors of Road & Track.

Its lines were drawn by Giugiaro, the man who designed the Maserati. Not only is it hard for the eye to resist, the sleek wedge styling also cuts through wind resistance.

We suggest that you try our Hot Car for yourself. You'll find that it does as well on the road as it did in Road & Track.

Compare the new VWs as a group with anyone else's new cars

- All of the new VWs excel when it comes to acceleration. The Rabbit does 0 to 50 in 8.2 seconds, Scirocco in 7.5 and Dasher sedan in 8.6.
- All of the new VWs get from 35 to 38 mpg hwy, from 23 to 24 in the city.*
- All have dual diagonal brake circuits so that the driver is protected by a back-up system.
- They all have negative steering roll radius for better directional stability in the event of a front-wheel blowout.
- All new VWs have rack-and-pinion steering, front-wheel drive, and a unique rear axle design for superior handling.
- All have sloping hoods and large glass areas for maximum visibility.

Our best engineers started working on the new Volkswagens over five years ago. A fact which explains the difference between Volkswagen's Cars of the Future and everybody else's. You can drive ours today.



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**Unfortunately,
there's no
comparison.**

Competitors

VIVITAR INTRODUCES A REVOLUTIONARY IDEA IN 35mm SLR CAMERAS.



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FORUM

we had lost on the beaches at the Bay of Pigs. But in retrospect, I believe it was a mistake. The boycott had no real impact on Cuba except to push her further into the arms of the Soviet Union. Fidel Castro did not go away. He was always there, puffing away on his big cigars while we had to settle for brands that tried harder but never made it. Now it may soon be back to normality. No more smuggling. No more second-rate substitutes. An era has ended. After all, we made friends with the Russians and the Chinese, and they don't even make good cigars.

Pierre Salinger
Paris

Salinger of the omnipresent cigar served as J.F.K.'s press secretary.

Maverick Superintendents

The clash of school superintendents and school boards (July 28) was inevitable. Superintendents of the '60s and '70s were trained to be bold, imaginative, creative and enlightened leaders dedicated to the cause of civil rights. We were mavericks to leave the security of the classroom for the rough and tumble of public administration. We were badly outnumbered on the board by the shallow-thinking, politically expedient majority. We ex-superintendents are a proud legion and have not given up the cause of quality education.

Robert T. Rasmussen
Associate Professor of Education
St. John's University
Jamaica, N.Y.

Dr. Rasmussen has been over the past decade superintendent of schools in Cranston, R.I.; Dover, Del.; and Roxbury township, N.J.

After a lifetime of experience with educators, I am convinced that the personality traits and aptitudes that attract persons to teaching are rarely found in persons who make good managers. Unfortunately, we have regulations that prevent school boards from hiring anyone to be a superintendent unless he has had extensive teaching experience. This is akin to saying a person cannot be qualified to be president of General Motors unless he has been a factory worker for five years after he received his college education.

Daniel J. Carnese
Westport, Conn.

What Causes Anorexia?

Your article on anorexia nervosa (July 28) stated that "researchers generally agree that the disease has purely psychological origins." However, recent research has implicated a malfunction of the hypothalamus as a possible cause of anorexia nervosa, and some investigators have reported successful drug treatment. It is thus premature to con-

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clude a psychological origin for all cases of anorexia nervosa. This can impose on those so afflicted and their families an unnecessary burden of self-recrimination.

*Julian Lieb, M.D.
Assistant Professor of Psychiatry
Yale University School of Medicine
New Haven, Conn.*

223 Naivniks

Seldom in our history have so many been dealt so grievous a blow by so few who were so meddlesome in matters on which they were so uninformed.

By its July 24 vote on aid to Turkey (Aug. 4), the House allowed 223 political naivniks at one blow to usurp foreign policy prerogatives of President and Senate, gravely impair the defense postures of both NATO and the U.S., drive away our staunchest ally, and seriously reduce the potential warning time that may literally spell life or death for millions of Americans in event of nuclear war.

*Fielding L. Greaves
Solana Beach, Calif.*

The Administration's desire to run its foreign policy and the Greek Americans' insistence on denying our arms to Turkey both make sense (July 14). Somehow a compromise must happen.

We are seeking to restore meaningful dialogue between two historic good friends, for the sake of American interests, Greek security, and Cypriot independence. We should succeed because all three are complementary.

But this you call a lobby? We never knew the American people needed a lobby to talk to their Government—or our Government, to us.

*Dennis J. Livadas
Rochester*

More Reasonable Balance

Many thanks for your comment on the success of our recent \$24 million stock offering (June 30).

As far as your reporting our debt to be 70% of our "entire capital" before the new issue and a "more comfortable 55" after the new issue, some clarification is needed. Before the offering our debt was 70¢ for each \$1 of shareholders' equity, which wasn't exactly shaky, but it would have limited our chances of pursuing new business opportunities. After the sale of new shares our debt was substantially less than 50¢ for each \$1 of shareholders' equity—by no means the "55" you stated, and a far more reasonable balance in both instances than you reported.

*Fred A. Simpson, Vice President
Finance, Baker Oil Tools, Inc.
Los Angeles*

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Will you sponsor a child like Raimundo?

Raimundo lives in Brazil and was eight years old when we took his picture. His home is a two room shack made of mud and sticks. He shares the house with his mother, a grandmother, two brothers and three sisters.

His father has left the family and can contribute only pennies a day to help support the children. Raimundo's mother is unskilled and must take in washing to earn a little money to help care for her youngsters.

A shy but affectionate little boy, Raimundo is unusual since only he and two other children in the family are interested in school. But Raimundo *wants* to learn and all he needs is a chance—help with textbooks, suitable clothing, school fees—more nourishing food—medical care.

And Raimundo's CCF sponsor is helping give him that chance—an opportunity to grow up a useful member of his society. Without aid, Raimundo and others like him probably would repeat family life patterns of poverty and ignorance.

Won't you help . . . and sponsor a youngster like Raimundo? It costs only \$15 a month—that works out to about 50¢ a day—a small amount even today! But when it is used to help a deserving child who needs a chance, 50¢ a day can buy a lot.

Just fill in the coupon at the bottom of the page, indicating the sex and country of the child you'd like to sponsor. Send it to us along with your first monthly payment of \$15.

Then, in about two weeks, you'll receive a Personal Sponsor Folder of the child assigned to you, with the child's photo, name and mailing address, so you can exchange correspondence. You will also receive instructions on how to write your sponsored child, as well as a description of the project where the youngster is assisted.

Please, let today be the day you begin to develop a person-to-person relationship with a child who needs your love. Thanks so much.

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Member of International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva, Canadians' Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto, 7. Y13B8B

AMERICAN NOTES

In the Midst of Life

In most American cities, last Wednesday was a summer's day much like any other. Hot. California beaches reported record sales in ice cream, while New York headlines announced that the Mets had just fired Manager Yogi Berra. But it was not a day just like any other. It was the day on which, 30 years before, a bomb known as "little boy" fell on Hiroshima.

Hiroshima is almost totally rebuilt now, and many of the present inhabitants were not born when the white flash blinded the city. But they still gather to remember. Some 40,000 assembled last week in the peace park, and at 8:15 a.m.—the hour at which the whale-shaped bomb dropped from the *Enola Gay*—a bell tolled to signal a moment of silent prayer. Men and women wept.

President Truman used to say that he had never lost a moment's sleep over his decision to drop that first atomic bomb, but in the course of three decades Americans have become less certain about who their enemies are and what right the U.S. had to visit a holocaust upon the citizens of Hiroshima. At least half a dozen nations now possess the secret of nuclear destruction, and some 7,000 missiles many times as powerful as the Hiroshima bomb stand ready to ravage civilization. The fact that they have not yet done so can be ascribed to many reasons, but one, surely, is that Hiroshima did happen and that

it does stand as a warning of what humankind can do to itself.

In a guest book that remains in the Hiroshima atomic museum, Americans still come and confess their sense of awe. They mostly offer simple words like "Peace" and "Never again." One wrote, "I hate what we did." Another could not bring himself to record anything more than "Sorry."

New Balance of Power

Year by year it becomes harder to find a place to light a cigarette legally. Now Minnesota has passed the nation's most sweeping state law to date: "No person shall smoke in a public place or in a public meeting except in designated smoking areas." Possible fine: \$100.

The statute even extends to offices, which must be nonsmoking areas unless all employees smoke, though smoking rooms can be set aside. But it does not include bars, and one legal opinion holds that any restaurant that serves liquor can be considered a "bar." Still, the law shifts the balance of power between smoker and non-smoker. It puts the burden on the smoker to find a smoking area, rather than on the non-smoker to find a spot of clean air.

Et Tu, Gerald?

President Gerald Ford may have made friends in Eastern Europe on his way home from the Helsinki Summit last week, but he made few in New York City. Speaking to the good Communist

burghers of the Belgrade city assembly, Ford said of his own largest metropolis, "They don't know how to handle money. All they know is how to spend it."

The response from New York was swift. "I don't think this Administration understands the problems of cities," snapped Mayor Abraham Beame. City Council President Paul O'Dwyer's protest was succinct: "Crass stupidity." Their irritation had some justification. While the city is trying to raise a modest \$960 million to make ends meet this month, the U.S. Treasury is borrowing almost \$6 billion. Indeed, Treasury Secretary William Simon has said he was "optimistic" that this year's federal deficit can be held to a mere \$60 billion on a budget that will include \$3.4 million for a dairy- and beekeeping-indemnity program, and \$45 million to keep the Selective Service System functioning—just in case today's all-volunteer Army ever wants to draft somebody.

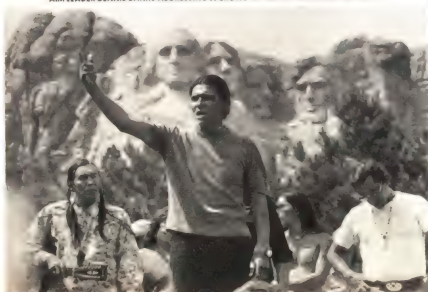
Farewell to Custer

Over the past two years, Chippewa Dennis Banks has emerged as an angry and outspoken leader of the militant American Indian Movement. With his hair in braids, he has preached a return to traditional Indian ways, including the ancient religions and methods of education. He wants Indian tribes to abandon their white-imposed system of elections and revert to a selection of chiefs by a kind of consensus of medicine men and district leaders.

Last week, however, Dennis Banks' confrontation with the American system was scheduled to take place in a court in Custer, S. Dak. He was to appear for sentencing on his conviction of rioting and assault in connection with the burning of the Custer courthouse in 1973. Maximum sentence: 15 years' imprisonment. But Banks did not show up. He told friends he feared for his life if he was ever sentenced to prison. Then he vanished into the underground.

Banks' disappearance did nothing to cool matters at the nearby Oglala Sioux's Pine Ridge Reservation. There the AIM members and sympathizers, many of them fullblood Indians, want to depose Tribal President Richard Wilson and his mostly mixed-blood followers. At week's end many AIM members were gathering at Pine Ridge to participate in a traditional Sioux sun dance, an occasion that held the danger of further violence. In any event, it is clear that the problem of Indian protest is still far from solved.

AIM LEADER DENNIS BANKS ADDRESSING A CROWD AT MOUNT RUSHMORE ON JULY 4





ALMOST BOUNDLESS ACRES OF WHEAT FIELDS READY FOR HARVESTING BY FARMERS IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

WILSON—NEW YORK TIMES

AGRICULTURE

Food Prices: Why They're Going Up Again

Some of the recent estimates of Soviet grain requirements are frightening

—Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns

He's easily frightened

—Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz

From coast to coast, the summer sun is ripening record harvests of wheat, corn, oranges, apples, but, as any American housewife knows only too well, the price for those harvests is inexorably climbing. Overall, the price of food rose 1.2% during July, the government announced last week, pushing the Wholesale Price Index up at a stunning rate (see **ECONOMY & BUSINESS**). Beans, lettuce and other fresh vegetables were up 12% in some areas, while the overall increase in farm products, including hogs and poultry, was 6.6%. The reasons for these increases were intricate, but many Americans focused their anxiety and anger on one new element: the sudden Soviet orders for some 10 million tons of American grain. In typically blunt fashion, Burns predicted that the Russian purchases will cause consumer prices to rise "sharply." Butz insisted that the prices will climb, if at all, only "marginally." Who is right may not become completely clear until fall, but the outcome could well influence not just the price of a loaf of bread but also the 1976 presidential campaign.

Already, emotions are rising as economically interested groups argue the pros and cons of the new Soviet grain

deals. Last week an *ad hoc* committee of the AFL-CIO maritime unions, which are threatening to boycott the Soviet shipment, met with Butz to protest the sales. "This sounds like the 1972 rip-off all over again, and we won't stand for it," said the Longshoremen's Thomas Gleason, referring to the Soviet purchase of 19 million tons of U.S. grain three summers ago. "Nobody is going to be ripped off." Butz assured the seamen. Said Don Woodward, president of the National Association of Wheat Growers: "It's the criticism of these sales to the Russians that'll bring on higher food prices, not the sales. All those complaints amount to an open invitation to jack up prices."

Record Crops. The argument readily stirs passions because each debater is at least partially right. The 1972 sales to the Russians did contribute substantially to an abrupt rise in domestic food prices, some 20% in one year. American taxpayers, moreover, subsidized the sales, which were secretly negotiated at below world market prices, and millions of farmers innocently sold their grain cheaply before the deals were publicized and grain prices soared. These prices are set in the nation's grain markets, which can fluctuate wildly on the basis of psychological factors, including all manner of rumors and speculations. The many middlemen between the farm producer and the food consumer grasp flimsy excuses to raise prices and increase their already disproportionate share of each consumer dollar spent on foodstuffs.

Whatever price increases may be attributed to the Soviet deal, they will not come from any grain shortage in the U.S. On the contrary, if much of the American farm surplus were not exported, it would have to be stockpiled, probably at Government expense. The wheat harvest, for example, is coming in at a record level, and the Agriculture Department estimates that less than half of it will be required for domestic consumption. Thus out of an expected crop of some 2.2 billion bushels, only 800 million is needed at home. But as Secretary Butz repeatedly demonstrates by dramatically peeling three slices off an 18-slice loaf of bread, the farmers' income from selling wheat accounts for only one-sixth of the supermarket price of bread. Rising costs of labor, transportation, distribution and packaging are more to blame for high food costs than are any sales abroad.

Yet the psychological impact of large Soviet grain purchases cannot be ignored. Even before this Soviet sale was foreseen, U.S. food prices had been rising at a rate that, if sustained throughout the year, would be a highly inflationary 22.8%. Most grain market experts expected this trend to be reversed when this year's harvests are completed, since record crops for both corn and wheat were forecast.

Then three things happened: 1) the Russians began making deals with private American grain exporters, signing contracts for the purchase of 228 million bu. of feed grains (mostly corn), 154

THE NATION

million bu. of wheat and 46 million bu. of barley; 2) one of the driest months of 1971 in 30 years afflicted the corn crop in Iowa, which normally produces one-fifth of the U.S. total, thus casting doubt on the previous forecasts; 3) the Agriculture Department's shaky estimates of Soviet grain production were revised downward from 210 million to 185 million tons because of continued droughts in the Soviet Union plus better intelligence.

Price Jumps. Those events fed speculation in marketing centers that the grain prices would rise rather than fall, and such prophecies can be self-fulfilling. Rumors spread that the Soviet Union may well want to buy as much as 10 million more tons of grain beyond the 10 million already ordered. That would exceed the amount it bought in

about a 25% rise over last year's crop. After looking at the figures, Butz was expected to signal a resumption of negotiations with the Russians this week.

Such an action would probably intensify rather than diminish the debate. The scrappy Butz was undoubtedly right in contending, as he did last week, that "there's nothing evil about exporting food" and the U.S. needs the income derived from such sales to pay for the large amount of oil it imports. He may have been correct, too, in claiming that neither Soviet purchases nor U.S. farmers can properly be blamed if food prices continue to rise in American supermarkets. What is even more certain, however, is that nothing is quite so maddening to most Americans as the rising cost of eating. If food prices soar, they are going to seek someone to blame.

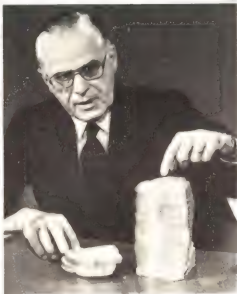
the rest of his ten-day trip, the President was especially courted by the East Europeans, who hope he will keep applying pressure on the Russians to allow them more independence.

Back in the White House, Ford showed his attention from West to East as he started patching up relations with Japan, which had been shaken by the U.S. rapprochement with mainland China and the Communist victory in Vietnam. Visiting Japanese Prime Minister Takeo Miki made it clear that Japan wants a strong and continuing American presence in the Far East, and the two leaders also reaffirmed their view that the independence of South Korea is "necessary for peace and security in East Asia, including Japan."

Pointed Ceremony. Much of Ford's week was devoted to the ceremonial aspects of the presidency. He crossed the Potomac River to the Lees Cross mansion in Arlington to "correct" a 110-year oversight of American history by making a formal restoration of citizenship to Confederate General Robert E. Lee. The most pointed ceremony of the week occurred on Saturday—Ford's anniversary day in office. The President and Betty Ford had dinner with Vice President Nelson Rockefeller and his wife Happy. The get-together was a gesture of support for Rockefeller, who has recently come under fire. Ford's newly appointed campaign director, Howard ("Bo") Callaway, wondered aloud on a couple of occasions if Rockefeller should not be dropped from the ticket in order to reassure the Republican right. The dinner was an obvious demonstration that Callaway had been too cool.

While pleased in general with the many assessments of Ford's first year, the White House is nettled by critics that the President has no vision for America. Ford said in a TV interview last week that he had "instituted this year what we call a 'no new program' approach," and his aides think that his politics of reduced expectations correctly reflects the mood of the nation. "The President's philosophy is that government excessively dominates the lives of individuals," says a White House official. "That is the thread of continuity that runs through his approach."

The White House view of the political scene will soon be put to the test. Ford will interrupt his two-week vacation in Vail to make a swing around the Midwest, a region vital to his election prospects. Among his stops will be such archetypal events as an American Legion meeting in Minneapolis, a hardware industry conference in Chicago, and the dedication of the Everett McKinley Dirksen Congressional Leadership Research Center in Pekin, Ill.—a reminder of how far Ford has come from the days in the 1960s when he and Senator Dirksen broadcast barbs against Democrats in a weekly TV appearance dubbed "The Ev and Jerry Show."



SUPERMARKET SHOPPER IN CHAPPAQUA, N.Y.; BUTZ, PERFORMING WITH BREAD

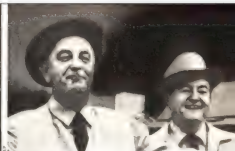
1972. Remembering the 1972 price hikes, market operators anticipated similar results this fall. Partly because of speculators seeking quick profits, the price of grain for later delivery began climbing. In the past month the price of Kansas City wheat jumped from \$2.20 to \$4.05 per bu. Corn sold in Chicago rose 42¢ per bu., to \$3.17. "The whole psychology for increased farm prices is already here," insists Charles Kershaw, a prominent Southern California cattle feeder who expects meat prices to rise later as feed grains for cattle and hogs become more expensive. Butz reacted to the complaints by asking all U.S. grain dealers to enter into no more contracts with the Soviet traders until the U.S. corn and wheat crops could be more precisely forecast. The greatest uncertainty had been over corn. The loss from Iowa's drought was estimated to be as much as 5% of the national harvest, yet corn was still expected to approach 6 billion bu.,

THE WHITE HOUSE

Westward Bound

It was mad-dogs-and-Englishmen weather in Washington and, although the air conditioners whirled throughout the city, everyone left who could. Members of Congress had dispersed to the four corners of the nation, and by this week President Ford expects to be swimming, playing tennis and loafing in the cool heights of Vail, Colo. That will be his way of marking the first week of his second year in the presidency.

He could do so with considerable satisfaction, since he has managed to keep confounding the critics who are waiting for him to lose his political balance. Friends and foes alike had wondered if he would be overshadowed by the Russians at Helsinki, but he turned out to be very much the star of the show (see THE WORLD). Both there and on



MAYOR HUMPHREY AT 1948 CONVENTION; AS SENATOR WITH JOHN KENNEDY (1960); AS VICE PRESIDENT WITH JOHNSON (1964)

POLITICS

From Defeat Rises a Free Spirit

Too old, too familiar, too talkative, too scarred, too compromised, just too much of everything—all of these terms have been applied to Hubert Horatio Humphrey. Then what is this? When a reporter last week asked President Ford whom he considered his likeliest opponent in the 1976 race, he replied, "Humphrey probably is as good a guess as any."

Humphrey demonstrates the risk of writing the political obituary of any politician who still walks the earth. After his loss to Richard Nixon in the presidential election of 1968, and then his defeat by George McGovern in the primaries of 1972, he seemed extinct. But within the past few weeks, the 64-year-old Minnesotan has risen from the political dead, looking more buoyant than ever. "There's no doubt about it," says Presidential Candidate Morris Udall, "Hubert has the bug again." Adds a top staffer at the Democratic National Committee: "The Humphrey talk is everywhere now. You hear it not only from state party people but from elected officials. You hear it from blacks. You hear it from unions. You hear it from moderates and extreme liberals. You hear a lot of people saying, 'This is the year for Humphrey.'"

A Unifier. Humphrey benefits, of course, from the weakness of the competition. The seven announced candidates—Udall, Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, Lloyd Bentsen, Jimmy Carter, Milton Shapp, Terry Sanford and Fred Harris—have not aroused any enthusiasm in an electorate supposedly yearning for a new face. And with Ted Kennedy repeatedly rejecting all talk of a campaign, Humphrey is increasingly seen as a unifier who can keep the fractious Democratic Party together. He still maintains loyal support among labor, blacks and farmers. Says a staffer on the national committee: "Any other candidate who depended on support from these groups would find Humphrey very formidable." His political base in the Midwest,

especially in his home state of Minnesota, is secure. "Many Democrats are champing at the bit to do something for Humphrey," declares Tom Kelm, chief of staff for Minnesota Governor Wendell Anderson, who says that Humphrey is his first choice for the nomination, and his second choice too.

Since Humphrey returned to the Senate in 1970, he has risen again to a position of leadership. As chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, he has become a chief spokesman for the Democratic program of housing subsidies, national health insurance, and long-term energy and economic planning. Though much of this legislation has been rebuffed or vetoed by Ford, Humphrey has led the disorganized opposition with his customary good cheer and sportsmanship, disarming his critics and winning allies. George McGovern, for one, has strongly hinted that he would support a Humphrey candidacy.

Aside from the political scars he has accumulated, notably from old liberal hostility to his support of the Viet Nam

War, Humphrey has some other liabilities. Last spring his 1970 campaign manager, Jack Chestnut, was convicted of accepting illegal campaign contributions from the dairy producers, who also helped finance the Nixon campaign in return for higher price supports for milk. Like Nixon, Humphrey ran into tax trouble when he tried to take a sizable deduction for the donation of his vice-presidential papers. He was required to pay an additional \$240,000 to the U.S. Government. In addition, Humphrey had to undergo a series of debilitating X-ray treatments in 1973 for a tumor on the bladder; apparently he has fully recovered.

Run and Win. In public, Humphrey's yearning to become President has abated. "I am a U.S. Senator with no overriding ambition to be anything else," he says. "I am a free spirit." But he has acknowledged that he would accept a draft for the nomination ("I'd accept and run and win"), although he would not actively seek the nomination by going through the bone-crushing primaries. For the moment, his strategy rests on the assumption that no one will reach the convention with enough delegates to win, since there are too many candidates and too many primaries. In that case, the convention will be deadlocked and the nomination will be "brokered."

Humphrey has been doing a little maneuvering. While he has not discouraged talk of a Humphrey-McGovern ticket, which would appeal to the party's left wing, he has also made overtures to the right by indicating a willingness to come to terms with George Wallace, who may arrive at the convention with one-third of the delegates. Humphrey has suggested that he would not place the Alabamian on the ticket but would let him participate in drawing up the party platform and in selecting a Cabinet if the Democrats win the election. Most comfortable when he is campaigning hardest ("I love it all," he says, as he alternately grabs hands and waves to traffic at a factory gate at 6 in the morning), Humphrey figures that for a man dedicated to what he once called "the politics of joy," life begins at 65.

TOOTING TUBA AT FESTIVAL IN NORWAY (1975)



INVESTIGATIONS

Hoffa Search: 'Looks Bad Right Now'

The police walking slowly through the cornfield were paying little attention to the rustling crop that surrounded them. Their heads were down, their eyes focused sharply on the tilled earth of the field 100 miles southwest of Detroit. Gradually, as they worked their way up and down the rows, a thick layer of dust settled on their polished black boots. For six long, hot hours, the men doggedly checked out the report they had received by phone. Finally, they gave up and went away, convinced that wherever he was, Jimmy Hoffa—the man of the streets and highways—did not lie buried beneath the alien corn.

As the week wore on, both the police and the Hoffa family were ready to try almost anything to find the former Teamster boss who had so suddenly vanished on July 30. At week's end an FBI laboratory technician was analyzing some stains found in a car belonging to the family of reported Mafia

Leader Anthony ("Tony Jack") Giacalone; there was some fear that the spots might be Hoffa's blood. Other efforts included the hypnotizing of people who had talked to Hoffa shortly before he disappeared, in the hope of coaxing some leads from their memories of the recent conversations. Within Hoffa's family, which posted a \$200,000 reward for his return, a bitter feud developed as one member sharply accused another of knowing more about the affair than he was saying.

Lucrative Deals. To make matters worse, anonymous phone calls threatened Hoffa's relatives. The general tone, said one federal source, was "You saw what happened to him—you're next." Interpreted very broadly, the calls constituted acts of extortion, a federal crime, and that was enough to allow the FBI to plunge into the case. With hundreds of agents joining squads of state and local policemen already working on the mystery, the hunt for clues turned up a new rogues' gallery of underworld figures who were said to have had an interest in getting Hoffa out of the way. Conducting its own manhunt, the Hoffa family went so far as to ask Mickey Cohen, the former Los Angeles mobster, to make some inquiries among his old contacts. "I hope to God it's different," Cohen said, "but it looks bad right now."

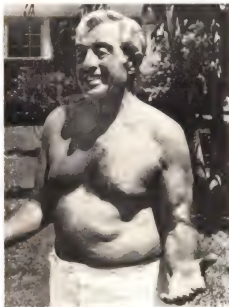
It does. Hoffa may have been kidnapped or have simply disappeared for dark reasons of his own, but TIME has learned that federal authorities believe the cocky, stubby union leader has been murdered. The suspected reason: to prevent him from disrupting the lucrative deals between the Mafia and the Teamsters that had developed since 1967, when Hoffa was imprisoned for jury tampering, fraud and conspiracy. Under the benign leadership of Frank Fitz-

simmons, Hoffa's hand-picked successor as president, powerful local Teamster chiefs allowed the Mob to wheel and deal with the union's \$1.3 billion pension fund. Gangsters from Chicago and Cleveland arranged loans from the fund for clients who were less than impeccable credit risks, then harvested illegal kickbacks. Nor did the Teamsters protest when mobsters took over control of a number of Las Vegas casino-hotels built with multimillion-dollar loans from the union's gigantic pension fund.

Federal officials theorize that the Mafia grew nervous as Hoffa, released from jail in 1971, tried to regain the Teamster leadership from Fitzsimmons, who by then did not want to give up the job. Not that Hoffa had been above working with the Mafia when he was in power, but he was no man to push around. "The Mafia clans had smooth sailing with Fitzsimmons," explains one Justice Department official. "They didn't want Hoffa rocking the boat."

First Steps. About six months ago, federal officials have learned, the Mob took the first steps to protect its Teamster operations from Hoffa. The alleged organizers of the scheme were Giacalone, 56, reportedly the Mafia's overseer of rackets in Detroit, and Anthony ("Tony Pro") Provenzano, 58, the unofficial boss of the Teamsters in New Jersey and a man of national influence in the union. Both men have known Hoffa for years, Giacalone as a friend and Provenzano as a rival.

Provenzano, federal sources say, has long been closely associated with the Mafia. The son of Sicilian immigrants, he was born on New York's Lower East Side. At 15 he was a trucker's helper and at 18 he was driving. Tough and shrewd, he rose rapidly to become president of the New Jersey Teamsters Joint Council 73, a job that gave him control of the organization's affairs in the state. One of his more harmless interests was to keep racing pigeons in a coop on the roof of Local 560 in Hoboken. During his reign as council president, the state union was



LEFT: ANTHONY ("TONY PRO") PROVENZANO IN FLORIDA. BELOW: JAMES P. HOFFA, HOFFA'S SON, TALKING TO NEWSMEN. RIGHT: CHARLES ("CHUCKIE") O'BRIEN, HOFFA'S FOSTER SON



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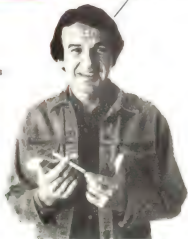
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racked by violence, and two of Provenzano's enemies disappeared just as abruptly as Hoffa: John Serratelli, a Teamster business manager who got into a business squabble with Tony Pro, and Mike Ardis, a Teamster organizer who challenged Provenzano's authority. Serratelli disappeared in 1959 and Ardis in 1971; neither has ever been found.

In the mid-'60s, International Vice President Provenzano was high in the power structure of the Teamsters. Provenzano made much of his supposed friendship with Hoffa. At a testimonial banquet for the Teamster chief in 1965, Tony Pro rose to declare: "May he and his family live as long as they want, and never want as long as they live."

Big Egos. Inevitably, despite those protestations of affection, Provenzano clashed with Hoffa. "Each of them had an ego as big as a six-axle truck," says one federal agent. "For a time, they tolerated each other. But when Hoffa began to slip from power during the long trials that led up to his jailing, Tony Pro reviled him."

In 1966 Provenzano was sent to the

reformer, remembers ominously that on May 5, 1974, Hoffa told him: "Tony Pro threatened to pull my guts out or kidnap my grandchildren if I continued to attempt to return to the presidency of the Teamsters."

When Hoffa's sentence was commuted in 1971 by President Richard Nixon, the terms of his release from prison prohibited him from taking part in Teamster affairs until 1980. But Hoffa was fighting that ban in court, while month by month he was gaining more influence in the union. Earlier this summer, Provenzano and Giacalone tried to lure him to "sitdowns" to discuss an armistice in his war against Fitzsimmons. Although Hoffa rejected the initial feelers from Giacalone, he agreed early in July to consider getting together with Provenzano.

Hoffa's office records, surrendered to the FBI by his family, show that he accepted a specific Giacalone-Provenzano proposition in late July. On July 30, the day he vanished, his office calendar bears the notation "TG—2 p.m.—Red Fox." Apparently expecting to meet

Club near Detroit, and Tony Pro hobbled with Teamsters at union locals in Hoboken.

Giacalone promptly denied any plans to meet with Hoffa, and Provenzano put on an extraordinary performance to proclaim his innocence. A few days later, clad in white bathing trunks, he smilingly welcomed reporters and television cameramen to his expensive home just north of Miami. "I don't know where Jimmy went," he insisted. "I'm as shocked as anyone by his disappearance, and if I can do anything to help find Jimmy, I will."

Provenzano later shooed the newsmen away. "You're embarrassing me in front of everyone in the neighborhood. You guys out on the lawn make me look like a mobster. I'm not. I'm just a truck driver," Provenzano consented, however, to give a photographer a guided tour of his house. A Doberman pinscher snarled behind a door ("He could take your arm off," advised Tony Pro), but the rest of the house was peaceful. There was a big swimming pool out in back, a pool table in one room, and a hand-



FORMER TEAMSTERS PRESIDENT JIMMY HOFFA KEEPING IN SHAPE BY LIFTING WEIGHTS AT HIS SUMMER HOME AT LAKE ORION, MICH. (1974)
The hunt for clues turned up a new rogues' gallery of underworld figures with a special interest.

federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pa., for extorting \$17,100 from a trucking firm in Rensselaer, N.Y. While in prison and since, Provenzano continued ruling the New Jersey council through his brother Salvatore ("Sammy") Provenzano, who took over his post as president. In 1967 Tony Pro was joined in Lewisburg by Hoffa, and their feud worsened. Provenzano was angry because Hoffa refused to reinstate his Teamsters pension, which he had lost by being jailed. (Hoffa, however, managed to get himself a \$1.7 million pension settlement from the union.)

Released from prison in 1970, Provenzano became a firm ally of Frank Fitzsimmons in his plan to keep the union presidency. Fitzsimmons was reportedly planning to set up Tony Pro as the boss of the Teamsters Joint Council in New York, a job that would make the two Provenzano brothers the czars of all the Teamsters in the East. Daniel Sullivan, a former Teamster official and

Tony Giacalone, Hoffa went to the Machus Red Fox Restaurant in Bloomfield Township outside Detroit—and then disappeared. The last word from him was a phone call to his wife Josephine at 2:30. "I wonder where the hell Tony is," Hoffa said. "I'm waiting for him."

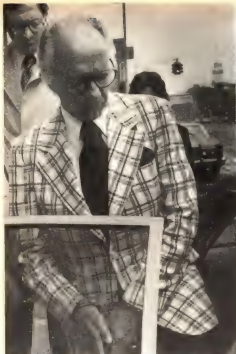
There is an additional curious piece of evidence that indicates Hoffa thought he was going to meet Giacalone and Provenzano. Late that morning, Hoffa stopped off at an airport bus company owned by a friend and chatted with four of the employees. Afterward, the four were unable to recall whom Hoffa had said he was going to meet. But when the Hoffa family arranged for a psychiatrist to put them under hypnosis, they remembered the names of Giacalone and Provenzano.

On the afternoon that Hoffa vanished, both Giacalone and Provenzano were on prominent display elsewhere. Tony Jack made an appearance in the steam rooms of the Southfield Athletic

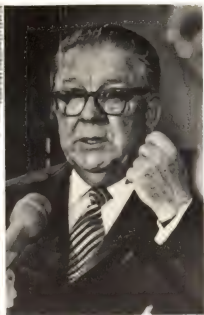
club near Detroit, and Tony Pro hobbled with Teamsters at union locals in Hoboken. Noting that the photographer was sweating as he left, Tony Pro remarked with a laugh: "Hey, you think you weren't gonna get out of here alive or something?"

Strange Twist. That same day the Hoffa story took another strange twist with the emergence of Charles ("Chuckie") O'Brien, 41, Hoffa's foster son, who had disappeared the day after the former union leader dropped out of sight. Authorities were told that O'Brien, a \$45,000-a-year Teamster organizer, had been seen in the vicinity of the Red Fox on the day Hoffa vanished. O'Brien stoutly insisted that he had not been in the area. But he readily admitted that he was there the following morning by what he claimed was a bizarre coincidence. He said he was often picked up at

THE NATION



TONY GIACALONE UNDER ARREST IN MAY FOR FRAUD; TEAMSTERS' FRANK FITZSIMMONS
The Hoffa family was ready to try almost anything—including hypnotism.



the site by a Teamster official and driven to work—a claim that checked out.

As the investigation went on, O'Brien appeared to be a prime suspect despite the fact that he was known in the past to have been fiercely loyal to Hoffa, who had taken him into his family when he was three. The boy's father had just died—O'Brien claims he was killed on a picket line—and the Hoffas were very friendly with the mother, who was working as a union organizer. (She later remarried and started a new life.) Hoffa never formally adopted O'Brien, although he once took out the necessary papers to do so, but the chubby Teamster official had always regarded Hoffa as his father—"the only father I've ever had."

Go-Go Girl. Still, authorities learned that O'Brien had had his differences with Hoffa within the past year. O'Brien admits quarreling with Hoffa in November when he wanted to run against David E. Johnson, a Hoffa stalwart, for the presidency of Detroit's powerful Local 299. Last month O'Brien married a go-go girl, a match that did not receive the full blessing of Hoffa, who has his puritanical side. Law officials were also interested in learning much more about reports that O'Brien was heavily in debt—perhaps by as much as \$100,000—after investing in a movie that bombed.

It also turned out that Hoffa's family considers O'Brien to be a turncoat, claiming that he made a separate peace with Fitzsimmons. The Teamster president gave O'Brien a highly paid job as an organizer for the southern conference of the union. Authorities noted that O'Brien was very close to Giacalone, whom he calls "Uncle Tony." In the

past, O'Brien had often driven Hoffa to meet Giacalone, or vice versa.

Questioned by FBI agents, O'Brien denied knowing what had happened to Hoffa, a claim that aroused the bitter skepticism of none other than his foster brother, James P. Hoffa. The two had never got along, their differences beginning with boyhood rivalries for Hoffa's affections. When O'Brien reappeared, young Hoffa insisted that he undergo a lie-detector exam, saying: "I demand, I demand, I demand that you take the test." But O'Brien's lawyer urged him not to undergo testing because the process was too "inaccurate."

At week's end the FBI and other law-enforcement officers were still sifting through the testimony of Chuckie O'Brien and the other fragmentary bits of evidence. They chased down and then dispelled rumors that Hoffa had withdrawn \$1.2 million of his pension settlement just before his disappearance. Hoffa's family kept saying that he must still be alive, but the possibility that he had just vanished on his own or been abducted seemed increasingly remote with every passing day. Local 299 President Johnson discounted the kidnapping possibility. Said he: "I don't think that Jimmy Hoffa can be held in a house against his will."

Investigators were considering various ways of gaining access to a sprawling private hunting preserve northwest of Ann Arbor that is owned by Louis ("Big Louie") Ruggirello, a prosperous entrepreneur who has been imprisoned for cheating on his income taxes. Ruggirello often invites his friends in to hunt for deer and foxes and other game. The lawmen want to roam the grounds to hunt for the body of Jimmy Hoffa.

TRIALS

Fresh Start for Gurney

On the eighth day of deliberation, the jury of six men and six women announced that they had agreed on some points, disagreed on others, and "reached all verdicts that can be reached." U.S. District Judge Ben Krentzman sent them back into the wood-paneled jury room in Tampa, Fla., to deliberate further. After two more days, the jurors finally re-emerged last week with most of a verdict. Handsome, silver-haired ex-Senator Edward J. Gurney, 61, the first U.S. Senator in 50 years to be criminally indicted while in office, was found not guilty of bribery, of taking unlawful compensation, and of three counts of lying to a grand jury. The jurors disagreed on a fourth perjury count and a conspiracy charge. Judge Krentzman declared a mistrial on those two charges, and federal prosecutors seemed reluctant to pursue the matter further. Said Gurney of the jury's verdict: "Thank heaven."

Nixon Defender. Gurney's prosecution arose out of charges that his aides collected some \$400,000 in illegal or unreported campaign contributions, partly by demanding money from Florida builders in exchange for supposed Government favors. Gurney testified that he was at first unaware of these activities and stopped them when he found out about them.

A staunch defender of Richard Nixon during the Senate Watergate committee hearings, Gurney had seemed politically doomed by the trial. But after the verdict, he confidently declared that a return to politics "is an option." His other options: retiring to private law practice or writing about his trial in what he modestly heralds as "one of the greatest books in the history of American jurisprudence." In the meantime, he faces a bill for his legal defense that is estimated to be \$250,000.

GURNEY & DAUGHTER AFTER VERDICT



"I always have money with me. And I don't carry cash."

Eileen Johnston, Teacher



"I teach, and I don't take much cash to school. I decided to get BankAmericard[®] because I wanted something safer to use. Frankly, I don't spend as much money because I don't carry cash."



But many people are afraid they'd overspend with a bank card.

"I don't know about them. But for me, cash just dribbles away. I tend to be more careful about what I charge because I don't like to see a lot of things added up on a bill. It's psychological."

When do you use BankAmericard?

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What would you do if you lost it?

"I'd contact the bank right away. If nobody's already used it, you haven't lost a thing. Even if somebody's run up a big bill...say 5 or 6 hundred dollars...the most I have to pay is \$50...if that."

What about the cost of the card?

"I didn't pay anything to get it.* It works the same as store cards."

How do you feel about having BankAmericard?

"It's helpful for keeping records for taxes. Also, I was surprised how many places accept the card overseas. I don't overuse it, and I'm glad I have it. Things happen, you know. It's a good safeguard."

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It is not the widest or the longest or the chromiest.

Nor does its interior resemble that of a living room.

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Recently, Road & Track magazine proclaimed the BMW 3-liter engine "...the most sophisticated in-line six in the world."

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Canadian Club
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DEMONSTRATORS ATTACK COMMUNIST HEADQUARTERS IN FAMILIÇÃO WHILE (RIGHT) CROWD BEGINS DEMOLISHING A PARTY MEMBER'S CAR

THE WORLD

PORTUGAL

A Country Waiting for the Roof to Fall In

Portugal's headlong plunge toward Communist rule was suddenly stalled last week, first by an outbreak of violence in the northern and central regions of the country, and then by an open split in the ruling Armed Forces Movement (M.F.A.). The split was so serious that it could easily lead to the resignation of the Communist-lining Premier, Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves, and the beginning of a more moderate national policy that the vast majority of the Portuguese people would wholeheartedly welcome. But it could also lead to the point of civil war.

Growing Anarchy. The break in M.F.A. ranks was brought about by moderates determined to halt the gathering momentum toward Communist dictatorship. Led by former Foreign Minister Ernesto Melo Antunes, the moderates issued a petition of protest blaming the radicals—and indirectly the ruling junta—for growing anarchy, political drift and loss in confidence by the majority of the people.

Signed by nine members of the 30-man Revolutionary Council and at least 400 other officers, the manifesto quickly received the support of the commandos, the cavalry school and the paratroopers, as well as the commanders of the central and southern military regions. The junta immediately retaliated by suspending the nine dissident members of the Council for signing it. But at week's end the document was

reportedly being circulated freely throughout all three branches of the armed forces, and gathering more and more signatures.

The manifesto flatly rejected as a model for Portugal a "socialist society of the East European type." Yet it warned that the country "will be fatally led" to precisely that model unless it rids itself of "a political leadership that obstinately believes that a vanguard with a very narrow social basis can make the revolution on behalf of all the people." This cannot be achieved, the document went on, "with the present leadership team, in view of its lack of credibility and manifest inability to govern."

The document was aimed point-blank at Gonçalves, the orthodox Communists, the Communist-controlled press and labor unions. Equally determined attacks on the same targets were taking place in the tradition-bound, church-oriented regions of the country. In several towns, bloody clashes between attacking moderates and conservatives on the one side, and Communists and soldiers on the other, left at least three dead and many more wounded.

At Vila Nova de Famalicão, a prosperous market town 20 miles north of Oporto, Communists shot at attacking conservative militants, wounding several. Two days later, troops dispatched to protect Communist headquarters there opened fire and killed two people, a 34-

year-old rightist militant and a 19-year-old male nurse named Luis Barroso, a member of the centrist Popular Democrats. Furious, hundreds of anti-Communists broke through an infantry cordon and ransacked the building.

Similar incidents took place elsewhere. In Santo Tirso, some 3,000 people attacked Communist headquarters, ripped down the party flag and set fire to office materials, chanting, "The people are against the M.F.A." and "Death to Otelo"—meaning Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, the extreme leftist head of COPCON, the country's security forces. In Fafe, Communists fired at an attacking crowd, killing one and wounding seven. Just 40 miles north of Lisbon in Bombarral, 300 demonstrators trashed the local Communist headquarters. Saraiva de Carvalho finally sent 140 naval fusiliers and 140 light-artillery men north to help restore order and prevent further outbreaks.

Ruling Troika. The members of Lisbon's junta, especially Saraiva de Carvalho, faced still other difficulties. At the Amadora commando regiment, unit members voted in Saraiva de Carvalho's presence to restore their commander, Colonel Jaime Neves, to his position. Neves, a moderate, had been ousted two weeks ago with the security chief's approval.

With his country beset by violence, Premier Gonçalves, a member of the ruling troika appointed two weeks ago,

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FILTER: 12 mg. 'tar', 0.8 mg. nicotine. MENTHOL: 11 mg. 'tar', 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAR. '75.

finally managed to put together a new cabinet. His problem had been to placate the radical, ambitious Saraiva de Carvalho and at the same time attract enough non-Communists so that the Cabinet would enjoy at least some credibility with the population. He was only partially successful. Gonçalves, it was announced at Belém Palace, would remain as Premier; there would be no direct participation by political parties in the Cabinet—thus excluding Communist Leader Alvaro Cunhal, among others. In general, the ten-member Cabinet was split between military officers and civilians. But almost all of its mem-

bers were thought to have Communist sympathies. While Saraiva de Carvalho will not serve in the Cabinet, he will remain one of the troika members as well as security boss.

Irreconcilable Positions. As the members of the new government were being sworn in at a nationally televised ceremony, Gonçalves stood by glumly, staring at the ceiling. As one observer quipped: "You always look upward when the roof is about to fall in."

For Gonçalves, assuming that he can manage to cling to power for a while, the immediate problem is the breach within the Armed Forces Movement

That split, however, only reflects the rapid hardening of Portugal's various political groups into irreconcilable positions. The leftists are still unwilling to share power with anybody, and the moderates show no signs of yielding meekly to leftist domination. The leading moderate, Socialist Leader Mário Soares, returned last week from a European Socialist conference in Stockholm and once again called on Gonçalves to resign. Soares damned the ruling triumvirate as unconstitutional and issued a grim prediction for it. "Troikas never work," Soares said. "They haven't worked since Roman times."

The Azores: Unrest in a Way Station

The nine inhabited islands of the Azores archipelago (pop. 300,000) look like a setting for a Graham Greene novel. Sheer rocky cliffs drop abruptly to the Atlantic, while the lush, subtropical countryside spreads out in a crazy quilt of farm plots separated by rock fences. Late each day, young and old alike gather under plane trees in the colorful town squares to catch a little relief from the heat and oppressive humidity, and to talk.

These days the talk is likely to turn quickly to the question of independence. As mainland Portugal drifts toward leftism, the conservative Azorians are beginning to think so seriously about establishing a breakaway nation that some are already calling the islands the Atlantic Republic of the Azores and Madeira.

Until recently, independence had been an issue for only a few malcontents. Now and then somebody would scrawl the initials F.L.A.—for *Frente de Libertação Açoriana*, the Azorian Liberation Front—across a road.

Lately the movement has gathered momentum. Mimeographed sheets demand: "Out with the political dogs, out with the oppressive parasites, out with the sailors, out with the Communists and officers." In June, when 3,000 people on São Miguel Island protested the low prices that farmers were getting for their milk from the mainland, the demonstration turned into a minor rebellion; the ri-

oters seized the radio station and Humberto Delgado Airport and held them for six hours.

A clandestine organization with no single known leader, the F.L.A. gets its support mostly from middle-class and wealthy islanders. Their complaints center on two points: 1) that Azorians are not only patronized by the mainland Portuguese as dumb country cousins, but also pay higher taxes and higher prices than the "continentals," and 2) that the Lisbon government is drifting too far to the left. In last April's election, the Azores gave the centrist Popular Democratic Party 60% of the vote, the Socialists 25% and the Communists less than 2%.

All this would not be particularly noteworthy were it not for the Azores' strategic importance. Situated 1,000 miles west of Lisbon and 2,500 miles east of New York, the islands have been a way station for travelers since Portuguese navigators first discovered and began colonizing them around 1430. During World War II, they were the main stopover for prop planes going to and from Southern Europe, and the islands were nicknamed "the Grand Central Station of the Atlantic." Shortly after the war, the U.S. took over the old British base on Terceira Island, known as Lajes Field. Washington currently keeps 1,500 American military personnel there to keep tabs on Soviet

submarines and operate a refueling station for military cargo planes.

Lisbon has said that it is willing to renew the U.S. lease on Lajes Field, but has ruled out the use of the base in the event of a new Middle East war. (U.S. Air Force C-5A, C-130 and C-141 cargo planes carrying arms to Israel refueled at Lajes during the October 1973 war; Portugal suffered a total oil embargo by the Arabs.) Nonetheless, even the head of the local Communist Party concedes: "There is no sentiment for or against the Americans. Eventually we would prefer not to have any base—American, Russian or Arab. But the people fear the loss of the base. For now, the jobs are important."

There have been angry charges from Lisbon that the independence movement is an American plot. In fact, F.L.A. leaders are known to have asked for American support, but U.S. officials have steered clear. So have the islands' most respected political leaders, who worry that the Azores' modest economy could not survive alone.

In the end, what happens in the Azores will probably depend a great deal on what happens in Lisbon. As one F.L.A. leader put it: "If the mainland goes Communist, the Azores will become independent." The two inhabited islands of Madeira, which gave only 1.6% of their vote to the Communists, would probably break away too. Conversely, if Lisbon does not go too far to the left, the Azorians may just settle back to another 500-plus years of peaceful dependency.

VIEW OF ANGRA DO HEROISMO, THE PRINCIPAL CITY AND SEAPORT ON THE ISLAND OF TERCEIRA IN THE AZORES, 1,000 MILES WEST OF LISBON



ANGOLA

The Agony of Becoming Free

With independence from Portugal fast approaching, Angola is careering toward a bloodbath even more rapidly than the mother country. Last week, when the Portuguese high commissioner, General António da Silva Cardoso, flew home for consultations in Lisbon, he left behind a torn and bleeding land. Fighting among rival liberation movements engulfed the last of Portugal's African territories and posed the prospect of a Nov. 11 changeover that will be anything but orderly. Said a bitter Silva Car-

quicklime. Frightened whites formed a massive car and truck convoy, but their road route was deemed so dangerous that Portuguese troops refused to provide an armed escort. Despite the perils, most of the convoy arrived safely in Nova Lisboa, Angola's second biggest city, where 20,000 white refugees were already waiting for evacuation.

Chaotic Scene. Others fled along the seacoast to Lobito and across the borders to South Africa and South West Africa. In the north, more than a half-million black Angolans, who had fled to Zaïre during the guerrilla war and returned in anticipation of independence, were cut off from food supplies and threatened with starvation. Luanda was a chaotic scene as people fled the fighting in the slums and suburbs and crowded into the downtown area in search of protection. Thousands of blacks jammed the beaches, waiting for steamers bound for the still tranquil ports in the north, while whites camped at the capital's

naries, has the greatest military strength. Based in Zaïre, the group is headed by Holden Roberto, 52, a missionary-educated soldier of fortune, and backed by Zaïre President Mobutu Sese Seko. Roberto's brother-in-law. It is known to be supported by Western business interests, but has obtained most of its arms from China.

► The Marxist-oriented Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.), the F.N.L.A.'s chief rival, commands 23,000 regulars and perhaps 10,000 armed civilians, who have been dubbed "Street Soviets" by other movements. The M.P.L.A. has reinforced its strength with Soviet and Czech arms. Headed by Agostinho Neto, 52, the M.P.L.A. draws most of its support in the cities and from the Kimbundu tribe of north-central Angola.

► The moderate National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA), headed by Jonas Savimbi, 40, has only 6,000 poorly armed fighters and has consequently stayed out of the fighting until last week, when it mobilized and fought off M.P.L.A. attacks on its southern Angola strongholds. But UNITA enjoys solid political support, and would probably win a plurality in a free election.

Since the first of the year, the three leaders have held three full-scale peace conferences. Each time, they embraced and agreed to stop fighting. Each time, the bloodshed resumed afterward. The most recent outbreak began when the Marxist M.P.L.A. sought to expel the pro-Western F.N.L.A. from the capital. The M.P.L.A. won the round, but the F.N.L.A. has since been massing for a counter-attack at Caxito, 35 miles north of the city. Meanwhile, 600 F.N.L.A. troops are holed up in Luanda's nigh impregnable 16th century fort, São Pedro da Barra. In the north, the F.N.L.A. tightened its hold on Malange, and at week's end was moving toward the diamond-producing area of northeastern Angola.

Big Question. The situation is further complicated by Cabinda, the rich enclave separated from Angola by a strip of Zaïre territory. A separatist group known as the Front for the Liberation of the Enclave of Cabinda (F.L.E.C.) last week declared the territory independent. Although F.L.E.C. is puny, there are fears that if Angola continues to fall apart, Zaïre will seize the territory.

As the situation worsens, Portugal seems unable to control events. Lisbon sent 2,000 reinforcements last month to its 24,000-man force in Angola, but has little desire to risk more lives in an unpopular war. Meanwhile, Portugal is regularly attacked by all sides.

Portugal has indicated that regardless of the internal situation, Angolan independence will be granted on schedule. Since pre-independence elections scheduled for October now look extremely doubtful, the big question is to whom Lisbon will turn over power.



M.P.L.A. MEN DISCOVER CHARRED BODY OF COMRADE IN LUANDA WHILE WOMAN MOURNS
Each time an embrace—and then the bloodshed resumes.



doso: "Perhaps they can just mail the flag to Lisbon."

An estimated 4,000 people, mostly blacks, have died in the fighting since the first of the year, more than the number killed during the entire 13-year war of liberation from Portugal. In recent weeks, the fighting has been concentrated in the capital of Luanda, where rival groups are dueling with heavy artillery. Last week it spread throughout the north and central parts of the country to the oil-rich enclave of Cabinda and even to the relatively peaceful south.

Some of the bloodiest fighting took place in and around Malange, the central coffee-growing area 250 miles east of Luanda. Rotting corpses contaminated the city's water supply, and authorities called for an emergency airlift of

Craveiro Lopes Airport, clamoring for flights to Lisbon.

To cope with the crisis, Portugal increased its emergency airlift to six jets a day. That is expected to increase this week when France, at Lisbon's request, joins in the evacuation effort. Even so, it is doubtful whether the airlift will be able to accommodate everybody. Virtually all of the 400,000 remaining whites want out, and nobody is sure how many of Angola's estimated 5.4 million blacks will try to leave.

The three feuding movements, whose differences were papered over during the war with Portugal, have virtually nothing in common:

► The National Front for the Liberation of Angola (F.N.L.A.), with 33,000 regulars, some of them foreign merce-

INDIA

Indira Wiggles Out

Since she declared a state of emergency eight weeks ago, India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi has suspended civil liberties, imposed rigid press censorship and arrested at least 20,000 people (some estimates go as high as 60,000), including a number of opposition political leaders and dissident members of her ruling Congress Party. Last week, in the harshest step toward authoritarianism since the original clampdown, Indira rammed through Parliament a bill that would end her current battle with the courts by changing—retroactively—the election laws she had been convicted of violating.

From the beginning, the irony of the whole political crisis has been that India's violent lurch toward totalitarian rule has stemmed from the most trivial of cases. Mrs. Gandhi was convicted in June on two charges of electoral abuse during her re-election to Parliament in 1971. The conviction would have disqualified her from holding elective office for six years. Specifically, she had been accused of 1) using a key government official to help with her campaign and 2) receiving government-paid help at a political rally from special police provided by the state of Uttar Pradesh. Mrs. Gandhi's lawyers argue that the official had actually resigned his post before undertaking a role in her campaign and that the extra police had been necessary for security reasons. In any case, by India's standards of political corruption, the abuse was minor.

Coming Dictatorship. The Supreme Court had been scheduled to begin hearing arguments on Mrs. Gandhi's appeal this week. It might well have ruled in her favor, but Mrs. Gandhi was taking no chances. With most opposition members absent in protest or prison, Parliament passed legislation that rewrote the very laws under which she had been convicted. "This bill," declared Mohan Dharia, a former Cabinet Minister who was ousted last March after a dispute with Mrs. Gandhi, "is a surrender of parliamentary democracy to the coming dictatorship."

The Indian people never learned the significance of last week's parliamentary action, except perhaps by word of mouth in the principal cities. The two national news agencies dutifully carried the text of the legislation and a summary of the brief parliamentary debate on their news wires. But government censors ordered them to issue a subsequent "kill" order to subscribers. The only reference to the parliamentary action that newspapers were allowed to carry was a two-line statement that amendments to the Representation of the People Act of 1951 had been introduced, and would be discussed later. There was no mention whatever of the effect of the leg-

islation on Mrs. Gandhi's court case.

The new legislation should have satisfied even the imperious Mrs. Gandhi. It did not. A day after its passage, the government pushed through Parliament a constitutional amendment that gave her the power to maintain the state of emergency indefinitely. More important, the amendment had the effect of removing her case from the jurisdiction of the courts. The parliamentary action, which swept through the Lower House by a vote of 336 to 0 and the Upper House by 161 to 0, was a ludicrous case of overkill. First, Indira rewrote the law under which she had been convicted. Then, once again taking no chances, she had the constitution amended to render the Supreme Court powerless to rule on her case. That is the way things are today in "the world's largest democracy."

TERRORISM

Again the Red Army

For cold-blooded determination and brutal efficiency, few terrorist organizations can match the Japanese extremists who call themselves the Red Army. In the past five years the Red Army has hijacked planes, attacked embassies and murdered dozens of innocent people in various parts of Asia, the Middle East and Europe. Its most infamous exploit was the wanton slaughter of 26 tourists at Tel Aviv's Lod Airport in June 1972. Last week in the Malaysian capital of Kuala Lumpur, five Red Army members stormed a 14-story downtown office building where more than 1,000 people were at work. Spraying gunfire around the ninth floor, the site of a U.S. passport office and the Swedish embassy, the terrorists wounded three guards and seized 53 hostages, among them the American consul and the Swedish chargé d'affaires.

Soon after the takeover, they tossed a three-page typewritten memo out of a window, threatening to blow up the building unless seven cronies jailed in Japan were released. Malaysian officials quickly rejected the use of force. The lives of the hostages, announced Prime Minister Abdul Razak, were of the "greatest importance." Japanese Prime Minister Takeo Miki, on a state visit to Washington, agreed. Awakened just after 2 a.m. in his suite at Blair House, he quickly overruled reluctant officials in Tokyo and instructed them to fly the seven prisoners to Kuala Lumpur aboard a Japan Air Lines DC-8.

Though two of the prisoners refused to go, the remaining five were quickly flown to Kuala Lumpur's Subang International Airport. Complications developed when Malaysian officials could find no country willing to accept the terrorists. Iran even threatened to shoot down the plane if it overflew the country with hijackers aboard. As negotiations con-



WOUNDED GUARD BEING CARRIED TO SAFETY



RED ARMY FANATIC HERDING HOSTAGES



THE WORLD

tinued, a nearby Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise sent 60 servings to the hostages. Finally, word came that Libya, a well-known supporter of radical movements, would take the ten men. The five terrorists, prodding U.S. Consul Robert Stebbins and 14 other hostages with pistols, boarded a bus for the airport. There they waited a further 25 hours before exchanging the 15 men for four Japanese and Malaysian officials who went as substitute hostages on the flight to Tripoli. Upon arrival, the ten radicals surrendered peacefully.

Public Debut. Japanese police believe the Kuala Lumpur attack was masterminded by Fusako Shigenobu, 29, the daughter of an insurance salesman, who is suspected of being the Red Army's leader. The Red Army, numbering

about 30 and dedicated to violent revolution, made its public debut in March 1970, when nine members hijacked a Japan Air Lines jet to Pyongyang, North Korea. Two years later, just before the Lod Airport massacre, authorities uncovered the bodies of 14 young men and women on remote Mount Haruna, 70 miles northwest of Tokyo. The 14, who had been tortured and left to die of exposure in freezing winter temperatures, had apparently been purged for displaying "bourgeois symptoms."

With the Red Army's latest coup, Japanese authorities fear that other fanatic groups will intensify their activities. The police already claim to have evidence that terrorists will try to block Emperor Hirohito's scheduled October visit to the U.S.

Honecker were said to have led to some progress in the long-stalled negotiations between the two Germans. In other respects, however, Honecker seemed totally unaffected by the spirit of Helsinki. Back home last week, he quickly declared that the Final Act notwithstanding, there would be no immediate easing of East German travel restrictions. For East Germany, he said bluntly, "security is and remains foremost."

As for the Soviet reaction to Helsinki, U.S. officials made much of the fact that *Pravda* and *Izvestia* published the entire text of the Helsinki declaration, including the Basket Three section dealing with civil liberties, travel and the exchange of ideas. Washington was disappointed, however, that the Soviets still seemed to be resisting the granting of multiple-entry visas to journalists—a commitment explicitly mentioned in Basket Three.

The Rumanians and the Yugoslavs are not expecting a Czechoslovakia-style invasion in the immediate future. But they fear that because the Helsinki declaration has in effect ratified Moscow's hegemony over Eastern Europe, the Soviets might be emboldened to step up their efforts to curb the independent behavior of Rumania and Yugoslavia.

Every Turn. During the 22 months of negotiations that preceded Helsinki, diplomats from Bucharest and Belgrade tried at every turn to gain guarantees against outside interference in their internal affairs. The thrust of their efforts was to seek a repudiation of the so-called Brezhnev Doctrine, which Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev proclaimed after the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia. It asserts that the Soviet Union has the right to come to the assistance of any fraternal country where socialism is endangered.

Soviet officials now act as if the whole idea were a Western concoction. "There never was any such thing as the Brezhnev Doctrine," a Soviet official said recently with a perfectly straight face. "Such talk was a propaganda fabrication by the bourgeois capitalist press." When pressed, however, Soviet officials concede that "Socialist Internationalism"—the principle that the Soviet Union has the right to come to the rescue of socialist states abroad—is still very much in force.

The significance of such doubletalk is not lost on either the Rumanians or the Yugoslavs. Both, in fact, are engaged in a series of diplomatic, military and economic initiatives in an effort to protect their relative independence.

The Rumanian government of President Nicolae Ceausescu, reports TIME Correspondent Strobe Talbott, has secretly been looking into the possibility of buying modern armaments, including American F-5 jet fighters, in the West. Such a move, if it materialized, would be unprecedented for a member of the Warsaw Pact. The subject was raised by Rumanian Chief of Staff and Deputy

DIPLOMACY

After Helsinki: Balkan Jitters

The 35 Presidents, Chancellors, Premiers and Communist Party leaders assembled in Helsinki had just signed their names to the "Final Act," the 30,000-word charter approved at the European Security Conference (TIME, Aug. 11). There, with great ceremony, the green, leather-bound original copy was sealed away in a corrosion-proof metal vault 60 feet—about 20 meters—beneath the Finnish state archives.

"Better it should have been buried 200 meters deep," a Rumanian official in Helsinki observed bitterly. Added a Yugoslavian: "Now the Final Act has its very own bomb shelter."

Those two sardonic comments, overheard by a Western official, summarize the undercurrent of apprehension inside the Rumanian and Yugoslav govern-

ments in the wake of the Helsinki agreement. Both fear that the Soviet Union may be tempted to increase its pressure on Bucharest and Belgrade to forswear or curtail their independent ways.

Few expected that such pressure would be exerted immediately. Last week, to the contrary, there were some superficial indications of progress that could be attributed at least partly to the accord. Bonn and Warsaw reached an interim agreement, for instance, providing for the repatriation of some 125,000 ethnic Germans (out of a total of 280,000) from Poland to West Germany. Cost to Bonn: almost \$1 billion in credits and pensions. In addition, the conversations at Helsinki between West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and East German Communist Boss Erich

PETERS—ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID NEWMAN



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THE WORLD

Defense Minister General Ion Coman when he flew to Washington in March for talks with his U.S. counterpart, General Frederick Weyand. But while the U.S. would welcome a "protocol" or limited military relationship, it is reluctant to provide Rumania with modern weapons involving classified technology that might fall into Soviet hands.

Though Moscow had hoped to hold a European Communist summit conference within the next few months, the meeting has been postponed until next year—largely because the Rumanians and Yugoslavs have defied Soviet attempts to hammer out a unified European Communist position on China. Both Bucharest and Belgrade have been cultivating their relations with Peking. Recently, Yugoslavia has even improved its traditionally hostile relations with neighboring Albania, Peking's surrogate in Europe (and the only European state that boycotted the Soviets' cherished Security Conference). Both Yugoslavia and Rumania pressed hard—and successfully—for a visit from President Ford immediately after Helsinki, as a symbolic reiteration of American support.

Humoring Tito. In Yugoslavia, Soviet strategy seems to be to humor President Josip Broz Tito, who is 83 and ailing; a Mercedes ambulance outfitted with an emergency cardiac unit follows him wherever he goes within Yugoslavia. In the meantime, the Soviets are wooing as many of Tito's numerous would-be successors as possible. Rumania presents them with a far trickier problem. Ceausescu is a healthy 57 and may well be around for some time. To be sure, he has his internal enemies, who resent his "personality cult," his nepotistic elevation of his wife and son to important positions and his austere economic policies. On balance, however, Ceausescu remains well entrenched. The Soviets tried at least once to penetrate the Rumanian army and encourage anti-Ceausescu elements; but the effort ended in failure and embarrassment in 1972, when Moscow's apparent man in the Rumanian army, General Ion Serb, was caught and court-martialed.

Meanwhile, Ceausescu is doing everything he can to increase the psychological distance between his country and its gigantic neighbor to the east. Recently, for instance, Rumania applied for, and will probably be granted, observer status for the Conference of Non-aligned Nations, whose foreign ministers will meet later this month in Lima, Peru. Certainly, Ceausescu knows that his country will never be able to guarantee its independence by military means alone against a Soviet onslaught. Western observers estimate that Rumania could hold out for a mere three days, and Yugoslavia not much longer. So Ceausescu has little choice except to work toward an independence that, in some faraway time, even the Soviets might come to accept.

AFRICA

Reversing the Tide

The Comoro Islands, situated between Mozambique and the island republic of Malagasy, are not only one of the world's least-known places but also one of the poorest. The 290,000 people who inhabit the four islands have a per capita G.N.P. (mostly from vanilla, sisal and copra) of about \$100. If France, which acquired the islands in the 19th century, did not provide an annual \$35 million, or 80% of the budget, their misery would be absolute rather than conditional. Last week, after a 27-day flirtation with total freedom from France, the Comoros decided to temper inde-

pendence with a renewal of close ties with their former master.

France was prepared to give the Comoros their independence months ago. But one of the islands, Mayotte (pop. 37,000), which has many Christians, complained that it would be swallowed up by the other three, which are populated by Arabs and blacks. It begged Paris not to abandon it, and the French National Assembly decided that the other three islands could go their way but Mayotte could wave the tricolor just as long as it wanted to. Last month Comoro's Chief Minister Ahmed Abdallah, a Moslem zealot, declared unilateral independence for all the islands. Mayotte included.

French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing accepted the move "with serenity." Not so the islanders, who suddenly saw millions of French francs retreating along with French authority. Last week while Abdallah was away from the capital city of Moroni, the opposition leader and a force of 50 men took over the radio and TV station and caught Abdallah's Territorial Guard totally by surprise. "The mouthings of the man [Abdallah] are henceforth meaningless," declared Comoro's new chief, Prince Said Ibrahim Jaffar, who promised to restore close ties with France within the framework of independence and give Mayotte autonomy inside a Comoro federation. The coup was bloodless, and everybody but Abdallah seemed happy with the reversal of history's usual anti-colonial tide.



OUSTED CHIEF MINISTER ABDALLAH



CHILE

Missing Persons

Marta Neira, a 29-year-old model, was arrested last Dec. 9 in Santiago by DINA, Chile's brutal secret police. According to a prisoners' report smuggled out of the Pirque Women's Prison, where Marta was last seen inside the Quilicura detention center on Christmas Eve 1973, her nose was broken and she had wept all over her body. She had been subjected to electric shocks and to sexual abuse.

Luis Guajardo Zamorano, 23, a clinging enthusiast and engineering student at the University of Chile, was arrested at a bicycle repair shop in Santiago on July 20, 1974. Four days later, a prisoner called the Guajardo family to inform them that Luis had been hit by a car and was taken to the first aid post at the Santiago railroad station in the custody of DINA agents. According to a smuggled prisoners' report, however, a month later a witness saw DINA agents run over Guajardo's legs with a pickaxe truck in the courtyard of the José Domingo Cañas detention center.

The two young victims of DINA are among at least 1,500 Chileans who have simply disappeared since the military led by General Augusto Pinochet

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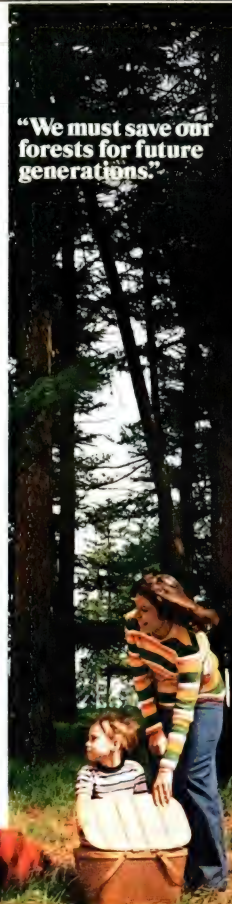
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"We must save our forests for future generations."

THE WORLD

Ugarte, seized power in September 1973. Their names also appear on two strange obituary lists that have recently surfaced outside of Chile.

The first list described Marta Neira as one of 60 Chileans killed in Latin America and Europe during a power struggle among leftist guerrillas. It was published in an obscure Buenos Aires weekly called *Lea*. In the same issue, the only one ever published, were editorial attacks against several Argentines who had recently incurred the displeasure of either President Isabel Perón or her hated adviser, former Social Welfare Minister José López Rega. A check of the address given on *Lea's* title page revealed no building; near by, however, was a publishing house operated by the Argentine Ministry of Social Welfare.

The second list named Luis Guajardo as one of 59 exiled Chilean guerrillas who had clashed in a deadly shoot-out with Argentine police in the remote province of Salta. It appeared in Brazil in another justly obscure publication, a "newspaper" called *O Dia*. So far, no one has been able to locate the *O Dia* offices, and the Brazilian Press Association says it has never heard of the paper. Neither has anyone been able to confirm the spectacular shoot-out in Salta involving 59 supposed terrorists. Despite the questionable validity of both reports, they have been widely publicized in Chile's government-dominated press. Said *El Mercurio*: "Despising all law, [the terrorists] have ended up killing each other and putting into practice the most brutal of all laws, that of vengeance."

The two lists are not the only sign of collusion between DINA and sympathizers outside the country. Last month two mangled, bullet-ridden bodies were found in a burnt-out car in the Argentine town of Pilar, some 25 miles northwest of Buenos Aires. Miraculously uncharred, however, were documents that enabled the Argentine police to identify the corpses as those of two Chilean students—Jaime Robotham Bravo, 24, and Luis Guendelman Wisniak, 26, neither of them very active politically. Also conveniently intact was a placard attached to the bodies that said the students had been "executed by the MIR," the Chilean revolutionary leftist movement. The Chilean press has quoted government officials as saying that it was not DINA agents who had been kidnapping leftists but Marxist revolutionaries cunningly impersonating DINA agents.

Two Bodies. Relatives of Guendelman and Robotham found this official explanation unconvincing. They also claim that the bodies they were shown in the Pilar morgue could not possibly be those of the two students. The corpse identified as Robotham was that of a man nearly three inches shorter, and the alleged remains of Guendelman included part of a hip bone that his mother says had been removed in surgery sev-



WINIFRED WAGNER GREETES HITLER DURING BAYREUTH FESTIVAL, 1939

eral years ago. Both students were last seen in Chilean detention centers, and their families fear they died in Chile at the hands of DINA.

In the past, responsibility for burnt, bullet-ridden corpses like those found near Buenos Aires has been claimed by the Argentine Anti-Communist Alliance, a right-wing terrorist group publicly linked to José López Rega. A working relationship would well serve the mutual interests of DINA and the A.A.A. DINA has a long list of names for which it needs bodies and the A.A.A. has bodies for which it needs names. DINA, it is thought, was particularly interested in whittling down its long list of missing persons before the arrival of a delegation from the U.N. Human Rights Commission that was to investigate charges of illegal detention and torture. In the end, Pinochet simply banned the U.N. investigators from the country.

American Banks. Conceivably, the decision may prove costly. Until recently, international publicity about political repression in Chile had undermined Pinochet's efforts to obtain desperately needed aid. In the past few weeks, however, a group of American banks that includes First National City, Bank of America, Morgan Guaranty and Chemical Bank, had put together a \$70 million renewable credit for Chile. But with the furor over the apparently forged death lists growing stronger every day, what Pinochet hoped might be the beginning of a stream of foreign loans could quickly dry up.

Last week the scandal provoked the first outright protest against Pinochet's increasingly personal dictatorship. Four thousand people, including three bishops and 30 priests, crushed into Santiago's Lourdes Basilica to pray for the missing persons and their families. With all political meetings outlawed, a religious service is virtually the only form of assembly permitted in Chile.

WEST GERMANY

Good Old Adolf

"If Hitler walked through the door today, I would be just as glad and happy to see and have him here as ever." So says sprightly, white-haired Winifred Wagner, English-born daughter-in-law of Operatic Giant Richard Wagner and close friend of Adolf Hitler for 22 years. Frau Wagner, 78, broke a 30-year public silence to talk about herself and Hitler in a five-hour film, *Winifred Wagner and the History of Haus Wahnfried, 1914-1975*, which premiered in Paris recently. Her basic message: anybody who thinks that Hitler was cruel, malevolent and even megalomaniacal is mistaken about his "good and human" nature. He was the sort of man, she recalls, who could be tempted into cheating on his vegetarian diet with liver dumplings. As Winni tells it, *der Führer* had "immensely appealing" eyes, played the piano "very nicely," and was "really touching with the children."

With Jews, too? Their persecution, insists Winni, was not *der Führer's* doing. "The main instigator was [Julius] Streicher [*Gauleiter* of Franconia]." Winni says, though she does concede that Adolf "let himself be influenced too much and shouldn't have given in to these radical demands." In any case, she adds, such things "were happening on the outside. But that didn't affect me."

Muzzling Mother. Not surprisingly, Winni's recollections did affect the rest of the Wagner family. "I can't put a muzzle on my mother, of course," said Wolfgang Wagner, director of the annual Bayreuth festival that celebrates his grandfather's music. Nonetheless, this year the embarrassed Wolfgang has banned Winni from setting foot in the festival house, which Hitler attended regularly even at the height of World War II.



SENATOR LOWELL WEICKER DONS AIR TANKS BEFORE GOING UNDER

Even politicians go off the deep end, of course. Take Senator **Lowell Weicker** and Representative **Bill Alexander**, who began the August congressional recess with a three-day stay under water off Grand Bahama Island. The pair, both boosters of oceanic research, joined two scientists in the 16-ft. hydrolab operated by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration. Apart from a malfunction that sent the lab's temperature soaring to 90° at one point, the amateur aquanauts had little trouble adjusting to their watery environment, or to their spartan diet of soup, fruit, peanut butter and crackers. "Unlike the space program 15 years ago, the facilities already exist for expanded underwater research, and thus it can be done with a minimum of expense," enthused Weicker after bubbling to the surface. "Almost anyone can work down there—as my doing it proves."

Add one name to the list of **Richard Nixon's** secret campaign contributors—at least according to **William A. Arnold**, Nixon's first press secretary in Congress. In his memoir of the former President's early political career, *Back When It All Began*, Arnold tells of a Democratic Congressman who handed over a \$1,000 personal check to Nixon's 1950 Senate campaign against **Helen Gahagan Douglas**. The donor **John F. Kennedy**. "He explained that the check should be used in Nixon's campaign for Senator," writes Arnold, "and that its intention was partly due to admiration of Nixon and partly due to a preference for [then] Congressman Nixon over Congresswoman Douglas. Arnold says that he accepted the gift, but came to have some regrets a decade later. "When Nixon and Kennedy were

the opposing candidates for President," he reflects, "we could have used a photostat of that check to good advantage."

The beard looked a little suspicious from the start, and the chest hairs were certainly of dubious origin. No wonder, since the face behind the 5 o'clock shadow belonged to Actress **Karen Black**, 33, who had dressed up as a male homosexual for a film by **Sherwin Tilton**, 22, a student at the Art Center College of Design in Los Angeles. Black, who collects up to \$150,000 per picture these days, donated a spare Sunday to Tilton's project after he had asked her to be his leading lady in a \$7,000 movie entitled *Owen*. She agreed, provided she could be a leading man instead. "It's an exciting challenge for an actress, and really fun trying to project the male outlook," said Black, who began her Hollywood acting career by playing semismart, bed-prone bimbos. "This is the only chance I'll probably ever have to play a man on the screen." Undoubtedly

For a buck private in the Greek army, **Banking Heir Alexander Andreadis**, 30, serves in style. With Rome sweltering in 91° heat, Andreadis and his bride of three weeks, Shipping Heiress **Christina Onassis**, 24, turned up in Rome's most luxurious shopping district. After a stop at Valentino's dress shop, they adjourned to Gucci, where Christina bought several leather handbags, and to Battistoni, where Alexander picked out some very civilian silk shirts. Then the pair jumped back into their Rolls-Royce and drove off. "That's one of the problems with the Greek army," reflected a former officer afterward. "There's never been any problem about leave for the idle rich."



KAREN BLACK AS A LEADING MAN



ALEXANDER & CHRISTINA IN ROME



TONY RANDALL AS POIROT (1966)

when he was excited, stiff military mustache, air of dignity immense! Alas, last week Christie announced that the archetypal armchair detective, who had been portrayed on film by actors **Tony Randall**, **Albert Finney** and others, had finally finished his long career. Old, infirm and wheelchair-ridden, he would meet his end in her next novel, *Curtain*—or *Poirot's Last Case*. Although Poirot's final exploit was originally written in 1940 and locked away until now, the business-wise author declined to reveal any details, preferring to keep them a mystery until *Curtain's* publication this fall.



ALGER HISS REJOINS THE BAR IN BOSTON

Prince Charming and **Gemma Craven** as Cinderella. With London suffering through one of its muggiest summers in years, the indomitable Dame has been arriving for work promptly at 8 a.m. and surprising her co-stars and Director **Bryan Forbes** with her endurance. "Feel fit, and you are fit," she explained simply. And her secret for good health? "I wash my face in cold water every morning and that's it."

"I was trained as a lawyer. Almost all my friends are lawyers. The books I read are related to the law." And so it was with obvious satisfaction that

Alger Hiss, 70, became the first disbarred lawyer ever to be reinstated by the Massachusetts bar. Hiss, a former State Department official, had been drummed out of the legal profession in 1952 after a congressional anti-espionage investigation, spearheaded by California Congressman **Richard Nixon**, led to his conviction for perjury and more than three years in federal prison. The Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court last week found that Hiss had shown "moral and intellectual fitness" and ordered his reinstatement in Boston. "I intend to start

practicing law the minute I am sworn in," he announced, but added that he would hang on to his Manhattan job as a stationery salesman as well. "One cannot practice law in a vacuum," he said, "and so far there has not been a line of waiting clients."

He is still a couple of notches below his late father's four-star rank, but Major General **George Patton III**, 51, has surely been following in Daddy's tank tracks. At Fort Hood, Texas, Patton has just taken charge of the famed "hell-on-wheels" 2nd Armored Division, the 16,932-man command that earned the nickname while training under blood-and-guts General **George Patton Jr.** during the 1940s. "His reputation is not in any way a handicap," says III. "In fact, I enjoy the hell out of it." Maybe, but the major general, a veteran himself of the Korean and Viet Nam wars, may never completely escape the Patton legacy. Just 20 minutes before accepting his new command last week, he visited the base chapel for a few moments of reflection. "While there," Patton later recalled, "I not only felt the presence of God, I also felt the presence of my father. This happens to me from time to time. Every once in a while I see my father sitting at the corner of a building, sort of gazing at me."



LARRY & BRENDA DECIDE TO GET MARRIED

"Why shouldn't Brenda suffer like the rest of us?" mused Cartoonist **Dale Messick**, 69, after revealing that **Brenda Starr**, girl reporter and glamorous comic-strip heroine in 150 newspapers, was finally going to be married. Though she accepted the proposal of the ever-faithful **Larry Nichols** last week, Brenda will probably end up at the altar in November with the dashing **Basil St. John**, her boy friend of 35 years, revealed Creator Messick. "After all, Brenda has been everywhere and done everything, but she's still a virgin. In fact, she only got a belly button five or six years ago."

She made her screen debut at 60, playing a wrinkled cardsharp in *The Queen of Spades*. Now 87, veteran Stage Actress **Dame Edith Evans** seemed as peppery as ever last week on the sets of *Cinderella*, her 17th movie, currently being filmed in London. "When we get to the ballroom scene, I do trust I am going to be allowed to dance?" asked Dame Edith, who portrays a dowager queen opposite **Richard Chamberlain** as

He was a gumshoe in patent-leather footwear, a master of misstatement, a helpless fanatic for *crème de cacao*, soft, sweet chocolate and Russian cigarettes. Still, **Hercule Poirot**, famed Belgian-born detective—and literary creation of Mystery Writer **Dame Agatha Christie**, 84—never failed to solve a case in all of 37 novels. "An extraordinary little man," Christie once wrote. "Height, five feet four inches, egg-shaped head carried a little to one side, eyes that shone green



SCHIESS CELEBRATING HER FIRST EUCHARIST IN A SYRACUSE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Sue Thy Bishop

A year after her disputed ordination to the Episcopal priesthood as one of the "Philadelphia Eleven" (TIME, Aug. 12, 1974), Betty Bone Schiess, 52, finally celebrated the Eucharist publicly for the first time.* But she still had no church assignment. Like her colleagues, she had previously been ordained as a deacon, the highest Episcopal Church office open to women. After the Philadelphia ordination, the vestry of a Syracuse parish offered her the position of associate priest. Schiess resigned her job as director of a senior citizens' center, but was then denied a license for the parish post by Bishop Ned Cole.

Thus left jobless, Schiess has just marked the anniversary of her ordination by filing complaints with the New York State Division of Human Rights and the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. The complaints, which add a new dimension to the ongoing dispute, charge Bishop Cole with discriminating against her because of her sex. Schiess's suits contend that the secular laws permitting a church to practice discrimination in employment are meant to exclude only persons who do not share its beliefs. The ban on women as priests, which stems from centuries of tradition, is not a belief, she argues. The government agencies are

*Job status of the others: three are seminary teachers; two are parish assistants; one quit parish work because the lay board did not back her; had a baby, and is now job hunting; one is a counselor and parish assistant; one works with women prisoners; one runs a small religious order and one has become a Methodist minister.

likely to be reluctant to take action against an Episcopal bishop, and if they decide they have no jurisdiction, the next step might be a court suit. Meanwhile, Schiess's tactic may soon be repeated by some others among the Philadelphia Eleven.

Until Schiess filed the complaints, the dispute had stayed within the Episcopal Church, where it caused profound divisions of opinion. Bishops met in emergency session over the issue, and two priests who let women celebrate Communion were convicted by ecclesiastical tribunals. Some priests threaten to bolt the church if women priests are permitted, while one bishop has vowed to resign his office if they are not. Most Episcopalians hope to muddle through and let the 1976 General Convention decide the question.

Schiess's decision to accuse her bishop of sex discrimination through secular channels is likely to do the women's cause little good within the church, and it could well create a backlash. Many delegates to next year's convention, like St. Paul in *1 Corinthians 6: 1*, may take a dim view of filing a suit against a Christian "brother."

Blood and Land

In recent months, the dirt-poor peasants of Honduras have invaded farms and blockaded bridges to force the government to fulfill its promises to redistribute the land. June 25 was a memorable day in their campaign. While the army broke up "hunger marches" in various regions, wealthy ranchers, backed

by soldiers, stormed a training center for peasant leaders in Juticalpa, the dusty little capital of Olancho province, and killed six people.

The same day, two Roman Catholic Franciscan missionaries mysteriously disappeared: Fathers Michael Jerome Cypher, 35, of Medford, Wis., a parish priest who had been in Honduras only eight months, and Ivan Betancourt, 35, of Colombia. Now a special investigating commission set up as a result of church pressure has reported that they too were victims of the ranchers' rampage. The commission has charged José Manuel Zelaya (a wealthy landowner), the provincial army commander and two accomplices with murdering the priests.

The investigators' account is grisly indeed. Cypher had been walking into Juticalpa with a man who needed medical treatment. Soldiers arrested and jailed the priest, then took him to Zelaya's ranch. Betancourt was arrested while driving into town and also taken to the ranch. Both priests were interrogated, beaten and shot to death, and their mutilated bodies were thrown down a 120-ft. well in front of Zelaya's hacienda. Seven other victims were found in the well—five who were presumed to be peasant activists, plus two innocent women visitors who had been riding in the car with Betancourt.

Dramatic Proof. The murdered missionaries were not directly engaged in political action or involved in the hunger marches. But their deaths are dramatic proof of the increasing identification of Catholicism in Latin America with the peasants' cause. This is partly due to the influence of "liberation theology," which uses Marxist economic analysis and argues that an important part of salvation is making common cause with the struggles of the poor. The clergy in Honduras deny any link with Marxism; yet virtually all the priests are known to back the peasants' efforts to get land of their own. Since 90% of the priests are foreigners (from France, Spain, Canada, the U.S. and Latin America), the nominally Catholic landowners can more freely accuse them of being Communists, of mobilizing the peasantry and arousing hatred. Said Bishop Jaime Brufau: "These crimes were the result of a carefully planned attack on the church in Olancho."

Despite the murder indictments, the cattlemen are still riding high in Olancho province, a frontier area where they have long held near feudal control. The peasant leaders' training center in Juticalpa is still closed, and the federal government has ordered all priests, brothers and nuns to leave the area for their own safety. Bishop Nicholas D'Antonio, an American who has worked in Honduras for 29 years, has also fled upon orders of the papal nuncio. No wonder. Wealthy ranchers have offered \$10,000 to anyone who delivers to them the bishop's head.

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Desert Singers

The Eagles were conceived in the teachings of Carlos Castaneda and his ephemeral medicine man, Don Juan. The Mojave Desert was their classroom, and they named themselves after one of the major spirits in the Indian cosmos: the eagle. During long sleepless nights on raw tequila and peyote, the young musicians studied. "There is a scene in Castaneda in which Don Juan tells him to walk until he finds his power spot," says Guitarist Glenn Frey. "After searching for hours, he collapses. He wakes up to find Don Juan, who laughs and tells him that he has found his spot. We all wandered around with different bands, but as the Eagles we have found our power spot."

Indeed they have. Since those desert meditations four years ago, the Eagles have become the top U.S. rock band. Their LP, *One of These Nights*, has been at the top of *Billboard's* chart for four weeks; they have two gold and two platinum albums; some 850,000 people will pay \$5 million to see them on their current 59-city tour.

Rock Nail. If Castaneda was their spiritual mentor, the late Gram Parsons, who was among the first to combine country music with the energy of rock, was their musical inspiration. The Eagles' tunes, performed on three rock guitars paced by a drummer and a bass guitar, have more wail than twang. They are in fact a somewhat unlikely assemblage. Drummer Don Henley, 28, and Guitarists Frey, 26, and Don Felder, 27, have roots in rock. Bernie Leadon, 28, is country-trained, while Randy Meisner, 29, remains partial to Motown blues.

Their personalities are as diverse as their musical tastes. Leadon and Felder are almost recluses. An eight-mile-long dirt road separates Felder's rustic, ridge-line house from the Pacific coast highway far below. On tour, Leadon is a loner who prowls music stores to discover new instruments for his \$80,000 collection. Frey is a nocturnal playboy; Henley reads Rimbaud. Meisner is a family man, calls his Nebraska home daily to check in with his wife and three children.

With The Band in semiretirement, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young again disbanded and the Allman Brothers crippled by brother Gregg's dalliance with Cher, the Eagles have run out of challengers. But they might still be wandering in the desert if David Geffen, a wiry former show-biz agent, had not con-

vinced them to leave Singer Linda Ronstadt's band to form their own group. In 1972 he advanced them \$100,000, along with instructions to head for Colorado to get an act together. When the Eagles returned a month later, Geffen, who had become president of the newly created Asylum Records, immediately gave them a recording contract.

Using earnings from three hit singles, the Eagles repaid their debt, then established their reputation with their second album, *Desperado*. The songs drew an analogy between Western outlaws and rock performers, two groups linked by loneliness, excess and self-

disillusionment that may follow attainment of the goal. "It can be a woman, fame or peace of mind," explains Henley. "What is important is how you feel about the prize when it is won."

It should be added that the Eagles have apparently learned how to deal with their enormous success. They still believe in Don Juan. "If you read Carlos Castaneda in Iowa, where the view consists of corn fields, his message might not have as much impact. But we are in Los Angeles, where the desert is as accessible as the ocean."

The special—and practical—view of reality that the Eagles gained in the Mojave extends to their own egos and abilities. "There's tension among us," admits Meisner, "because we give each other second thoughts. But we remember C.S.N. & Y. and the Beatles. Since Lennon and McCartney split, they have never been as productive." The Eagles are staying together. The bond of the desert is strong.

Wonderbucks

At a time when much of the recording industry is feeling the nation's economic squeeze—a few companies report sales down as much as 30%—Motown Record Corp., the black pop-music giant, has given Megastar Stevie Wonder, 25, a new contract for a guaranteed minimum of \$13 million. If the singer-songwriter delivers more than the single annual LP required by the seven-year agreement, he can earn up to \$24 million. The largest parcel handed out yet by a record company, Wonder's contract is worth as much as the Elton John (\$8 million) and Neil Diamond (about \$5 million) deals combined. Motown's announcement is strategically timed. There were rumors that Stevie might skip, but he is loyal. He says, "If it were not for Motown, many of us just would not have had a shot at success. I'm staying because it is the only viable black-owned company in the record industry."

Wonder, who has won ten Grammy awards in the past two years, averages 1 million sales per record. Since he began recording at Motown as twelve-year-old Little Stevie Wonder, he has sold more than 30 million albums. Asked about how the current contract compares with Wonder's early paydays, Motown Records President Ewart Abner just laughed. "We're not even talking about apples and oranges," he said. "It's more like comparing mustard seeds and watermelons."



EAGLES MEISNER, HENLEY, FELDER, LEADON, FREY
Flying high, strong and inaccessibly.

destruction. The next album, *On the Border*, expanded the same themes. Using Parsons' death and James Dean's career as springboards, the Eagles touched upon the reveries of millions of teenagers and demiadults.

They do not find new songs easy to come by. Cursed with writer's cramp early this year, Songwriters Felder and Henley rented a Mulholland Drive mansion, stocked it with tequila and legal pads and agonized for several weeks while waiting for the muse. Finally, after three months, four cross-country trips and \$160,000 in production costs, the group was satisfied with the nine songs on *One of These Nights*.

The album explores the emotional changes that accompany the quest for success, romance and security, and the

COVER STORY

Charlie Finley: Baseball

Charles Oscar Finley, owner, president, general manager and remote-control field manager of the Oakland A's was on a typical tear. "Get this crate rolling," he ordered. Chauffeur Howard Risner nosed the sleek black Cadillac into the moving traffic and headed toward Chicago's O'Hare Airport. "Shoot the works," said Finley. Risner hit a button, and downtown Chicago echoed to the Caddy's musical horn. "Now the siren," demanded Finley. A muted wail sent other cars skittering for the curb. Finley switched on a loudspeaker hidden beneath the hood and began broadcasting a stream of chatter to startled pedestrians. "Hey, Howard!" he exulted. "Now we're really going. Hit that horn again."

In fact, Charlie Finley was just starting to warm up. By the time his Braniff plane landed in Kansas City, where his A's were playing the Royals, Finley had invited half the first-class passengers to be his guests at the game. A stewardess, tickled by his flattery ("Hey, baby, you look great!"), had bestowed a farewell kiss, and a leading Kansas City lawyer had offered to drive Finley to Royals Stadium. That saved a \$20 cab tab, and Finley was quick to accept.

In the A's clubhouse, he was greeted by growls from his players: "Christ, Charlie's back again." If Finley heard, he gave no sign; he was too busy handing out samples of his latest innovation for the national pastime—Day-Glo orange baseballs. Pitcher Vida Blue, still seething with the memory of past salary battles, flicked his orange ball into his locker with contempt. Slugger Reggie Jackson asked Finley only half facetiously if his recent hitting streak (eight home runs, 21 RBIs and a .388 average in 17 games) was worth a raise. "You've got to hit consistently," shot back Finley, "not periodically."

When the A's took the field and began warming up with the new orange balls, the stadium buzzed with comment. Even Home Plate Umpire George Maloney was captivated. He dispatched the A's ball boy to ask Finley for a ball. When it was delivered, Maloney promptly sent it back—for an autograph.

The request was not surprising. Charlie Finley, 57, is the winningest and most notorious businessman in baseball. The national pastime has never been noted for imagination in the front office, and change of any sort has usually been equated with heresy, but Finley is an unabashed maverick. "I've never seen so many damned idiots as the owners in sport," he sputters. "Baseball's headed for extinction if we don't do something. Defense dominates everything. Pitching is 75% of the game, and that's why it's so dull. How many times have you seen a fan napping in the middle of a football or basketball game? Hell, in baseball people nap all the time. Only one word explains why baseball hasn't changed: *stupidity*! The owners don't want to rock the boat."

Finley rocks it with calculated abandon. "You can't miss Charlie," says Minnesota Owner Calvin Griffith. "He's the P.T. Barnum of baseball." A showman and a show-off, Finley breezily charges through the owners' gray-suit-

ed world in a dazzling green jacket and matching ten-gallon hat. Stubborn and often churlish, he is not afraid to battle with players he thinks are performing poorly or making unreasonable salary demands. By now, big-league legends are rich with stories of his confrontations: the bitter salary wars with Reggie Jackson and Vida Blue, the controversial banishment of Second Baseman M. Andrews during the 1973 World Series, the loss of Star Pitcher Catfish Hunter last year after an angry contract row.

But Finley does far more than generate turbulence. Baseball can thank him for much of its continuing success in an era that panders to the TV camera and faster-paced, more violent games. Finley has brightened the ball park with colorful uniforms; he has helped to hype creative World Series TV ratings by advocating that play begin on a weekday and that all weekday games be played at night. If he gets his way, there soon will be a host of other changes as well, including the use of his orange ball. "Why the hell play with a white ball," he asks, "when we've got one you can see a lot better?"

Finley's most conspicuous achievement has been the building of the most colorful team since the St. Louis Cardinals' "Gas House Gang" of the 1930s and the most talented since Casey Stengel's New York Yankees of a quarter-century ago. The A's squabble incessantly with their owners and fight among themselves—but they win. Oakland led the last three world championships, and the team has gone shot at a fourth this October. Only the old Yankees won more World Series in a row (1936-39, 1949-53).

For Charlie Finley, the realization of fame and success is the replay of a ball fan's most summer dreams. "I always wanted to be a player," he says, "but I never had the talent to make the big leagues. So I thought the next best thing: I bought a team." Finley grew up in Birmingham and in Gary, Ind., the grandson of an Irish immigrant steelworker. Baseball and salesmanship consumed his boyhood. By twelve he had already organized his own

A JUGGLING ACT WITH CHARLES O. FINLEY BASEBALLS





SPORT

s Barnum

sand-lot team and was bat boy for the Birmingham Barons of the Southern Association (a minor league team he now owns and calls the A's). He also won prizes for selling thousands of magazines door-to-door.

After working in the Gary steel mills (starting at 47¢ an hour), selling insurance, finishing two years at Gary College and playing first base for the semi-pro La Porte Cubs, Finley was

his way to deals that would earn him over \$1 million in commissions the following year.

Peddling insurance demanded the same fierce energy and concentration that Finley later brought to baseball—endless hours on the job, limited delegation of authority and a careful accounting of even the most minor expenditures. Today the talk around Chicago is that the business of Charles O. Finley & Co. has been slipping. Finley insists that it is better than ever. His annual premium volume is \$30 million a year. Finley himself is worth at least that amount.

For all the money that was rolling



A'S EXULTING LAST OCTOBER AFTER CAPTURING THIRD WORLD SERIES IN A ROW
A tribute to sheer skill and unshakable self-confidence.

temporarily sidelined by tuberculosis. He spent two years at Parramore Hospital in Crown Point, Ind. During that period he honed the idea that eventually made him a millionaire: selling group disability insurance to doctors.

In 1948, when Finley recovered, he went right to work persuading insurance companies to underwrite his plan. Talking his way from doctor to doctor in Indiana, he made his first group sale to the Lake County Medical Society. His big break came in 1951 when he convinced Continental Casualty that it should handle his first national plan, for the American College of Surgeons. After borrowing \$2,000 to pay for, among other things, two suits, his first manure and a plane ticket to the ACS convention in San Francisco, Finley was on

in by the 1950s. Finley was not satisfied. "I wanted a team in the worst way," he recalls. His first four bids—for the Philadelphia Athletics, Detroit Tigers, Chicago White Sox and California Angels—were either too little or too late. In 1960 he finally bought control of the Kansas City Athletics for \$2 million. It was a large price for a last-place team.

Still, the new owner had several things going for him: the A's had a small but shrewd scouting crew, and Finley himself soon showed an uncanny instinct for spotting young talent. He was tireless in pursuit of prospects. In 1962 he struck one of baseball's alltime bargains by paying only \$500 to sign shortstop Bert Campaneris, then a catcher for a team in Cuba. Two years later Finley heard about a kid pitcher from Hert-



TEAM MASCOT CHARLIE O. & FRIEND
Stubborn and churlish.

ford, N.C., who had peppered his foot with shotgun pellets in a hunting accident. Finley descended upon Hertford, stalked the youngster, captured him with a \$75,000 bonus and sent him to the Mayo Clinic for a foot operation. As a publicity stunt, Finley told the 18-year-old to call himself Catfish. Ten years later, Jim ("Catfish") Hunter won the Cy Young Award as the best pitcher in the American League. Catcher Gene Tenace, Outfielder Joe Rudi and Relief Pitcher Rollie Fingers, all now A's stars, were signed by Finley within a year after he caught Catfish. They were all fresh out of high school, and Charlie O. had to pay them a total of only \$37,000 in bonuses.

With Kansas City still in last place when the baseball draft began in 1965, Finley took advantage of early-round selections to sign Outfielder Rick Monday and Third Baseman Sal Bando. The next year he grabbed Reggie Jackson for \$85,000. In 1968, the year Finley transplanted the A's to Oakland, he flew to Mansfield, La., to corral a high school fastballer named Vida Blue for a more modest \$35,000. Three years ago, Bargain Hunter Finley paid \$3,000 for an obscure 17-year-old named Claudell Washington. This year Washington is the A's leading hitter, batting .321 last week (TIME, July 21).

Finley never stops looking for new players or trading for established vet-

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PLAYBOY BUNNIES PRESENTING FINLEY WITH CAKE INSCRIBED "WORLD CHAMP CHARLIE"
Squabbling over stamps and planes is only preliminary skirmishing.

erans. "No team is ever set," he says, "even a winner." Of the 26 players on the winning team in the 1972 World Series, only nine are still in Oakland uniform: Jackson, Rudi, Tenace, Bando, Campaneris, Blue, Fingers, Southpaw Ken Holtzman and Reserve Outfielder Angel Mangual.

This year Finley has had to make up for the loss of Catfish Hunter, who won 25 games for him last season. After an arbitrator found Finley guilty of breach of contract, Hunter got his release and signed with the Yankees in a record \$3 million deal. So far, his departure has not hurt. Finley has since traded for Veteran Hurlers Jim Perry, Sonny Siebert, Stan Bahnsen and Dick Bosman, and the A's have won 23 of the 38 games these pitchers started.

The end result of Finley's wheeling and dealing is the best team in baseball. Today's A's have speed, brilliant defense, clutch hitting, good starting pitching and an excellent bullpen. Last week the team held a 6½ game lead in the American League West. The players are the first to praise Finley's work. "He's a hell of a general manager," says Tenace. Adds Jackson: "Charlie will do anything to make his team better." That said, they still hate Finley with a passion. Mention his name in the clubhouse, and the quick response is a vehement "Screw that bastard!"

The roster of complaints ranges from the trivial to the relatively serious: hotels on the road are rarely good enough; instead of charter flights after night games, players often have to grouse their way onto morning flights on scheduled airlines; no stamps are supplied for answering fan mail; torn pants and two-year-old shirts are handed out in the clubhouse; and there is no free telephone in the clubhouse for local calls. "The problem is simple," says one player. "Charlie Finley is the cheapest son of a bitch in baseball."

Says Finley: "Those complaints are a lot of horse shit. The guys are a bunch of spoiled brats. There isn't a phone in the clubhouse because it's against major league rules to have a phone so handy—gamblers could call. We stay in the same hotels as other teams. I'm not pay-

ing \$5,000 extra for a charter flight when the team is already going first class. If they want stamps, they can have as many as they need if they'll bring the mail up to the office. I know one thing. They're so selfish and lazy they won't answer any fan mail. Hell, there'll be so few letters, I'll lick 'em myself."

Squabbling over telephones and airplanes is, in fact, only preliminary skirmishing for Finley and his employees. Despite occasional outbursts of generosity—this year he impulsively gave Claudell Washington a midseason \$100,000 raise for his hitting—thrifty is the word for Finley. The big annual battles center on money. Since baseball adopted arbitration for salary disputes two years ago, an astonishing one-third of the 46 players who have tried that tactic have been A's. In 1974 three won major victories: Jackson's salary soared from \$75,000 to \$135,000. Bando's from \$60,000 to \$100,000. Holtzman's from \$66,500 to \$93,000. This year Bando and Holtzman took a beating. Bando, who thought he had earned a raise by knocking in 103 runs and producing 24 game-winning hits in 1974, got no increase. Holtzman won 19 games and pitched one World Series victory, and also got nothing.

Finley, whose \$1.4 million player payroll is among baseball's highest, could not care less. "Sure, Bando had some clutch hits," he says. "Don't I deserve something for \$100,000? As for Holtzman—hell, he won 21 games in 1973. What am I supposed to do, give him a raise for having a worse year? These guys are just bad losers."

Perhaps. But even the losers agree that arbitration is better than the long, bitter salary disputes of other years. Reggie Jackson held out for higher pay in 1970, Vida Blue in '72, and both say Finley humiliated them by publicly ridiculing their ability and their salary demands. Says Jackson, who was only 23 at the time: "Charlie wanted to make me bend. He wanted to show me who was boss." Finley showed him. Late that season, his rancor still running strong, Jackson hit a grand-slam home run. While crossing home plate he looked up



FINLEY SNUDDLING WITH STEWARDESS

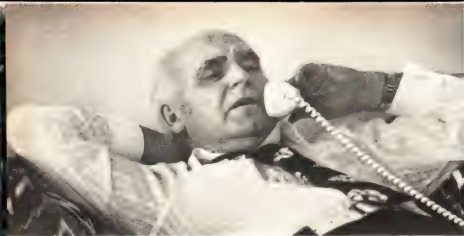
and raised a fist of defiance to the watching Finley. The next day, in front of then Manager John McNamara, four coaches and Team Captain Sal Bando, Finley ordered Jackson to sign a written apology. Jackson finally did—in tears.

What Finley did to Mike Andrews is something the A's will not soon forget. After Andrews made two costly errors in the second game of the 1973 World Series against the New York Mets, Finley announced that the team physician had found the second baseman unfit to play because of a sore arm. Bent on making room for another player to strengthen his roster, Finley dropped Andrews from the team. In protest, the A's wore his No. 17 on their sleeves at a workout before the third game. To a man, they insist that Finley ordered the doctor to fabricate a reason for dumping Andrews. Finley says otherwise. "Mike was injured," he insists. "If he had played again and become disabled, he could have sued me for the franchise—and won." Finley, who had given the players \$3,000 diamond rings after the 1972 Series, left the expensive jewels off the 1973 and 1974 rings because of the Andrews row.

If Finley's handling of players is controversial, the rate at which he eats up managers is positively incredible—12 in 15 years. "I'm not one of these guys who's afraid to admit a mistake," Finley says. "I've gotten rid of so many because they weren't worth a damn."

Big-league managing is a notoriously uncertain job, but Finley's dealings with his managers are far from routine. "He calls you in the dugout, in the clubhouse and at home," says a former manager. "He makes you explain every move. And he's never satisfied with your explanation. He tells you who to play."

'The New York Mets' firing of Yogi Berra last week brought the total of dismissed managers since late July to four. The three others, Kansas City's Jack McKeon, Texas' Billy Martin and the Yankees' Bill Virdon (since replaced by Martin).



where to play him, when you play him."

Finley claims he is acting like any other general manager consulting with his field manager. "The one difference," he says, "is that this general manager also happens to be the owner. It's my club, my money, and I'm gonna roll my dice as long as my money's on the table." Two other differences are that Finley is Finley, and he lives in Chicago, attending many games in Midwest cities, but getting to Oakland for only a dozen or so a year. Instead of huddling daily with Manager Alvin Dark, Finley calls him long-distance.

To stay in touch with play, during every game Finley either dials the press box and gets Traveling Secretary Jim Bank to feed him the details, or he calls a special number at KEEN radio in San Jose to plug in on the play-by-play broadcast. When he hears something he does not like, he is not shy about demanding an explanation.

Even Dark, who accepts Finley's interference like a stoic, admits that managing for the man can take its toll. "What's it like working for Charlie? It's tough. Charlie's tough and rough, and at times you think he's cruel. But he is a winner. His whole life in baseball is winning, and I enjoy winning."

For all the bad blood, so do the rest of the A's—though it sometimes seems improbable that the team can concentrate on playing long enough to win a game, let alone three world championships. There is often anarchy in the clubhouse, with players in an uproar about Finley or, in a spillover of antagonism, battling each other. That they still win is a tribute to sheer skill and unshakable self-confidence. "We win because we have guys who love the challenge," says Bando. "We have a nucleus of gutsy players who don't know how to lose."

The one group in Finley's operation that does end up losing is his front-office staff—the smallest in baseball, and probably the most overworked. In 15 years, Finley's autocratic rule has used up five scouting directors, six farm directors (last week the seventh, John Claiborne, quit in disgust), ten publicity managers and 16 broadcasters. He sends

the staff scurrying with round-the-clock calls—there is even a telephone in the men's room (located a safe distance from the clubhouse)—and supervises everything from bat orders for the players to food in the press room. Frank Ciencsryk, the A's equipment manager, sometimes gets five or six calls a day. When Gene Tenace asked for a new pair of pants recently, Ciencsryk replied, "I'll have to check it with Charlie." Says Frank, "Whether it's 5¢ or \$5,000, you better be sure you know what you spent it on and that it was the right thing to buy."

One reason Finley keeps a tight grip on the cash is that the A's do not produce much profit. Attendance at modern Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum (capacity: 50,000), a few minutes' drive from downtown Oakland, averages only 13,000 per game. Among the reasons: cold, foggy evenings, competition from the San Francisco Giants across the Bay, and Finley's own money-saving cutbacks on promotion. The result last year was a modest profit of \$350,000. Much of that came from TV revenue plus play-off and World Series income.

Whatever the state of the team's finances, nothing has ever stopped the lively flow of Finley innovations. No sooner had he bought control of the A's than Finley started agitating for change. At first he turned to gimmicks to pull in crowds and feed his starveling team: greased pig chases before the start of a game; a mechanical rabbit popping up behind the umpire, holding a supply of new balls; half-price tickets for bald men; a mule mascot named Charlie O.

In 1963 Finley persuaded the league to allow the A's to don multicolored uniforms and white shoes—an unprecedented move in a game that had been played in white and gray. Finley designed the gold, green and white outfits himself. Today baseball is awash with bright reds, blues and yellows. After extended lobbying by Finley, night World Series games were finally adopted in 1972. The designated-hitter innovation, allowing top batters to hit in place of the pitcher, is another change the A's owner helped push through.

The hot orange baseball is Finley's latest offering, and it is more than a matter of show. "Batters can see an orange



ball better, particularly at night," he argues. "If we start using this ball, batting averages will increase. That means more action, and that's what the fans want to see." His own brand, labeled "The Charles O. Finley Baseball," is already being manufactured.

To increase hitting, which would lighten the game, attract more fans and produce more profit, Finley also wants to see batters walked on three balls instead of four. "Just think about the disadvantage the batter has," he says. "In football, there are eleven guys playing eleven guys, in basketball five against five. Not in baseball. We've got nine fielders out there against one batter. We've got to give the batter help."

The three-ball rule would also speed things up and thereby satisfy another Finley urge. "Every other game's got a clock. Why not baseball?" he asks. "There's a rule on the books that pic-

ers must pitch every 20 seconds. But we've got guys out there who throw every half-hour. Let's put up a 20-second clock in every ballpark. If it runs out before the pitcher throws, charge him with a ball. That'll speed things up."

As if Finley's ideas are not brash enough, he peddles them with a pitcher's flair. When he wanted to press for adoption of the orange ball at one league meeting, he showed up wearing a traffic cop's phosphorescent orange glove. Every time he wanted to talk, he waved the glowing glove over his head.

That was nothing compared with the show he put on at last month's All-Star game. Finley sent four Playboy Bunnies to an NBC-Sports reception in A's-emblazoned shirts and caps to exhibit the orange balls. During the game, he even managed to give one to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who was on hand as Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's guest of honor. It was not an easy maneuver. Secret Service agents tapped the ball, shook it and held it to their ears to check if it was ticking. When Kissinger finally got it, he rose

to his feet and tipped his hat to Finley.

When he is not feuding with players or chewing up his staff, Finley can be one of baseball's most entertaining characters. Even such a jaundiced observer as Reggie Jackson concedes that "Charlie can be a lot of fun. He knows how to raise a little hell and have a good time. He would be a great guy to have as a buddy—if you didn't work for him."

With his 34-year marriage dissolving into divorce (Finley is the father of five boys and two girls ranging in age from 17 to 33), he has abandoned the family's 1,200-acre farm in La Porte, Ind., for bachelor's digs in Chicago. There he lives in a comfortably messy two-bedroom, \$630-a-month apartment overlooking Lake Michigan. Trophies and pennants clutter the living room; an ironing board with a wrinkled shirt draped over it stands amid a spill of papers in one unfurnished bedroom. When at home, Finley can usually be found sprawled on a couch talking into one telephone while another jangles.

Eating is one of the few times during the day when Finley relaxes. His telephone work done, he heads for a light meal—a few double Jack Daniels, avocado stuffed with crabmeat and a 2-lb. steak. An accomplished cook, he likes to march into a restaurant kitchen to select the meat or fish and tell the cook exactly how he wants it prepared. (A favorite Finley dish is prime sirloin ground with onions, green peppers and fresh tomatoes, chilled, and then broiled as 2-lb. patties for 25 minutes.)

Getting around town is never a problem. If there are no cabs available—most of the city's hacks seem to know Finley, who hands out \$2 tips for \$1 rides—he flags a police car. "Oh, excuse me,

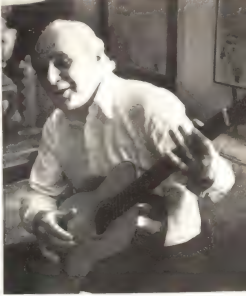
officer," he will say. "I thought you were a taxi." By that time, the cops usually recognize him and give him a lift.

Finley is a magnet for fun. Neighbors come and go in his apartment, sipping Finley's favorite Liebfraumilch. Occasionally he will entertain them with a borrowed guitar. Three Playboy Bunnies in the building sometimes stop by for a drink when they get home from work at 3 a.m., and find their host still on the telephone to California. Recently Oakland Tribune Columnist Marcy Bachmann selected Finley as one of her "20 Sexiest Men in the Eastbay." The Oakland clubhouse rattled with laughter the day that story came out—and so did Finley when he heard about it.

Two years ago he suffered a heart attack, and his doctors advised him to cut down on work. He obeyed them by selling the Memphis Tams of the A.B.A. and the California Golden Seals of the N.H.L., two teams he cared about only marginally. But he could not bring himself to part with the A's. His resolve to keep them is stronger now because of a possible deal to move the team to Chicago next season. The American League is trying to work out a swap that would involve selling the White Sox to a Seattle syndicate, bringing the A's to Chicago and rechristening them the White Sox. Finley would like nothing better than wheeling and dealing for a hometown club. "Hell, we'd have 2 million fans come see us here," he says.

Whatever the outcome of the franchise switch, Finley will probably stay in baseball just to see the game five years from now—orange balls streaking through the air, batters getting on base after three balls, pitchers nervously eyeing the clock. "Action!" shouts Finley. "Action—that's what the game needs! Let's get some goddam action in this sport!"

FROM TOP LEFT: FINLEY DEALING ON THE TELEPHONE, SUPERVISING DINNER PREPARATIONS, PLOTTING WITH A'S MANAGER ALVIN DARK, HANDING OUT ORANGE BALLS TO SHORTSTOP BERT CAMPANERIS, SERENADING A FEW FRIENDS IN HIS CHICAGO APARTMENT BUILDING



Adventure in Tranquil Places

It used to be called "roughing it" or "getting back to nature." Contemporary seekers speak of "environmental awareness" or "the whole-earth experience." By whatever name, the grail of the great outdoors lures more and more thousands of Americans each year to an increasingly jam-packed yonder where too often the awareness is of crowded humanity and the call of the wild has become the bawl of a transistor radio.

Station wagons and six-wheel camping behemoths descended last week like panzer divisions on state and national parks and forests; private campsites, with such names as Jellystone Park and Winnebago Springs, had a higher population density than a Manhattan city block. "Roughing it in the wilderness," as a Delaware state recreation official put it, "is when the air conditioning breaks down." In Wisconsin last July 4th weekend, 16,000 state-operated campsites were 99.7% occupied. Asked if he knew of an unspoiled area for a backpacking trip, a veteran outdoorsman in Michigan replied, "You're asking that question 100 years too late."

Yet more Americans than ever were braving blisters, bites and backaches to hear the babble of clear streams and have night skies as a ceiling—to savor, in Thoreau's phrase, "life near the bone where it is sweetest." And despite all the rush and crowding, those with stamina and imagination were still not too late to find adventure in tranquil places.

No Facilities. Of all the wilderness areas in the U.S., few are as unpeopled or uncelebrated as the north Maine woods, a braw land of pristine lakes, cathedral-quiet woodlands and rushing trout streams that sprawls over 2.5 million acres and contains the famed Allagash and St. John white-water canoe-

ing streams. Inside the ten check-in points, where out-of-state visitors pay a \$2-per-night fee, there are no rangers, gas stations, restaurants or stores. Scattered through the woods are some 500 campsites, none with "facilities." The lumber companies that own most of the woods have built dirt roads for their logging trucks, but few camping vehicles penetrate the fastnesses.

The Boundary Waters canoe area in northern Minnesota, along the Canadian border, is an unspoiled wilderness of lakes, rivers and streams where nothing can be heard but the swish of canoe paddles and the plaintive call of the loon. The Black Mesa, off the old Santa Fe Trail in northernmost Oklahoma, is totally undeveloped, with "self-sufficient" camping only: from its highest point 4,978 ft. above sea level, there is a view of Colorado, New Mexico and Texas.

Among other overlooked camping areas within easy reach of a city is Montana's Fishtrap fishing-access site in the Big Hole River Valley, about 40 miles southwest of Butte. Not far from its campsites, moose, elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep and goats graze. Fishtrap is a "blue-ribbon" fishing area—the state's highest designation—whose streams teem with rainbow, brown and cutthroat trout. Relatively few visitors have discovered the Bighorn River south of Billings, Mont., which encompasses mountains, upland prairie, desert and wetlands and the Pryor Mountains, with prehistoric caves to explore. In Wyoming's Grand Teton National Park, the broad Snake River, bounded by stands of aspen and lodgepole pine, affords both white-water rapids boating and lazy, meandering raft rides. Backpackers can trek into some of the ruggedest terrain in the Rockies.

A well-guarded Eldorado for backpackers is a onetime gold-panning California's Plumas-Eureka State Park. The 4,422-sq.-mi. park nestles in northernmost Sierras at 4,000 ft. at sea level and 80 miles north of Lake Tahoe. Glacier-carved granite peaks rise above the timberline marked by bleached stands of ponderosa, Jeffrey sugar pine; Eureka and Madora lakes sparkle in the summer sun, which in August has not melted the mountain snows. Jamison Creek, running fast and clear through the park, is alive with pound rainbow and brook trout. Canoeers looking for more strenuous recreation backpack into lake-dotted Plumas National Forest, which offers good hunting; black bears, cougars, mountain lions and bobcats can also be seen there.

Risk Trippers. In Michigan, more than 20 million vacationers visited the 78 state parks, and three enormous national forests were saturated with summer visitors. But solitude can be found on any of several state-owned islands on Lake Superior and Lake Michigan. Only the hardest souls venture on the island expeditions organized by Paul Risk, a prominent outdoorsman whose wilderness-survival courses at Michigan State University draw capacity enrollment. Risk trippers are allowed to take only a blanket, sleeping bag, two candy and two meat bars. One survivor recalls that last year an eleven-member expedition to Garden Island, two weeks subsisted on 36 fish, 29 bits and three ducks, plus wild herb wintergreen and Euell Gibbons' staples.

Because it is accessible only by boat or plane, Isle Royal National Park's Lake Superior is still uncrowded. The 45-mile-long island is a glacier-impacted wilderness of immense topographical variety, pierced by 120 miles of trails. Says Backpacker Eddie Egan, an environmental engineer from Los

PANNING FOR GOLD IN CALIFORNIA'S PLUMAS-EUREKA STATE PARK



STARTING OUT ON WAGON-TRAIN TRIP ALONG KANSAS TRAILS





FAMILY & GUIDE RUBBER-RAFTING DOWN WYOMING'S SNAKE RIVER, PAST SNOW-CAPPED GRAND TETON RANGE
Far from behemoths and transitor bawl: rushing waters, pristine woods and life near the bone.

sing. Mich.: "When you step on the island, it's like stepping back 200 years." Flora and fauna spotters can look for 101 varieties of wildflowers, 40 varieties of birds and five kinds of fish that are unique to the island; moose can be seen swimming in birch-fringed coves. For those who like to commune with room service as well as nature, the island has a modern hotel at each end.

Guaranteed Eagles. For other vacationers who crave the exhilaration of the outdoors with some catered comforts as well, there is British Columbia's Nicola River Valley. Little known even to Canadians is the Quilchena Cattle Co.'s rooco 18-room hotel and 25,000-acre working ranch, about 250 miles northeast of Vancouver. Guy Rose, owner of the ranch and grandson of its founder, never advertises his off-beat hotel. "So we don't get a bunch of people here we wouldn't like." The lakefront hotel was built in 1908, has a bullet-riddled bar, brass bedsteads in the huge rooms and a splendid view of the valley from all windows. It serves guests the same hearty meals the chef cooks for the ranch hands; dinner is only \$3.50. There are plentiful campsites near the lake; campers can fish, hike or trail-ride. Rose's horses over the ranch and treat themselves to dinner at his hotel.

Another semitough way to see the back country is to bicycle through it. Vermont Bicycle Touring in Bristol has devised 74 different rural bike trips lasting from a weekend to 16 days and suited to riders of all degrees of proficiency; nights are spent in small country inns. Wisconsin has two of the nation's finest rural bike trails: the Elroy-Sparta (30 miles long) and the Sugar River (23 miles), which are laid out on paved-over railbeds and are barred to cars and motorcycles; the grade never exceeds 3%.

An outdoor vacation that requires no legwork at all is Wagon Ho!, a three-day, 5-m.p.h. slog through Kansas over

an old wagon trail—in authentic replicas of covered wagons. For about \$800, a family of four rides a prairie schooner driven by a hired hand, with stops along the trail to investigate the Smoky Hill River or the surrounding hills. The weekly wagon trains pull out from Quinter, 325 miles west of Kansas City, travel 110 miles round trip and, claims Wagon Ho!, never come within sight of a road or house.

More and more serious campers fanned out through Canada's well-named Wood Buffalo National Park, which sprawls over 17,300 square miles and is reputedly the world's biggest national park. Located on the 60th parallel between Alberta and the Northwest Territories, the park is laced with hundreds of lakes, forests, and meadows where whooping cranes summer and the last large herds of bison roam. There are only 16 developed campsites, though bivouacking is allowed if the visitor has a campfire permit.

Also in Canada, but considerably easier to reach, is the fine West Coast Hiking Trail on the southwest coast of Vancouver Island, a cannon shot from Washington State across the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Still being developed as part of Canada's newly dedicated Pacific Rim National Park, the 22 miles now open are equipped with suspension bridges over ravines, cable cars across two river canyons and a boardwalk along the rougher sections. At one point, the only way to cross the Ninat Narrows is by dugout canoe, handled by Nitnat Indians who charge \$2 for the ride and sell fresh crabs and smoked salmon on the side. Ideal for a four-day camping trip, the trail winds through forest and beside the ocean, where gray whales can be seen. John Watts, Pacific Rim's acting superintendent, told a visitor last week. "It's exciting and enjoyable, and I will personally guarantee a sighting of bald eagles."

Even in Alaska, where publicly owned park, monument and forest areas total more square miles than there are in Connecticut, Maryland and Delaware combined, oldtimers are beginning to feel crowded. However, there are more than a dozen aviation companies throughout the state that specialize in flying vacationers into remote areas for canoe, kayak, raft, backpacking, hiking or sheep-hunting trips. One such expedition was arranged by an Anchorage man and three friends from the Lower 48. After being dropped north of the Arctic Circle, they drifted on rubber rafts down the Noatak River to Kotzebue Sound in two weeks. "It was the most relaxing trip I've ever made," said the organizer, Andy Williams, who claims to have read *War and Peace* and quit smoking en route.

Dog Tours. A less arduous expedition offered by Wien Air Alaska flies vacationers to Katmai and its Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, an awesome volcanic area where U.S. astronauts trained for moon landings. A three-day outing for \$250 combines a stay at Katmai's resort hotel with hikes into a wilderness hundreds of miles from other human habitation. And there are organized dog-sled trips: Anchorage's Denali's Dog Tours offers four days from Mount McKinley Park headquarters into Toklat Lake for \$200.

Eventually, gasoline prices may rise so high that vacationers will simply not be able to afford long drives to overpopulated parks. They may seek out, instead, wild areas closer to home that have been bypassed by the Winnebago set. Such spots can be discovered almost anywhere and are worth the effort. Finding one, as 22-year-old Mike McCorkle of Montgomery, Ala., said on first sighting the Grand Canyon, is "sorta like sex. They're some things better and some things worse, but they ain't nothin' exactly like it."

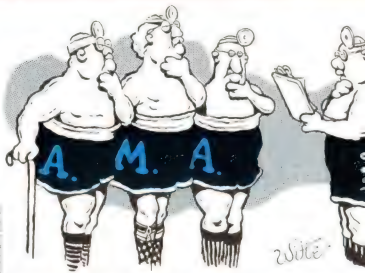
"Sore Throat" Attacks

Widely criticized for its conservatism and its opposition to health-care legislation, the American Medical Association is accustomed to attacks from Congressmen, consumer advocates and others outside the organization. Now the A.M.A. is undergoing an attack from within. For the past couple of months, a source nicknamed "Sore Throat" (because of the similarity of his role to that of Watergate's still unidentified "Deep Throat") has been smuggling copies of confidential A.M.A. documents to federal officials and to newsmen around the country. This has been embarrassing the organization—already under study by the Postal Service and the Internal Revenue Service—and exposing it to the risk of congressional investigations. Says one A.M.A. official: "It is like death by a thousand cuts."

Last week the A.M.A. moved on its own to plug the leak. It hired a private security firm and gave lie detector tests to at least four employees. But even as the polygraph tests were being administered, Sore Throat was passing along to TIME copies of memoranda showing how the A.M.A.'s Washington lobbyists requested funds for politicians from AMPAC, the organization's political action committee. He also explained how the money made its way circuitously from Chicago to the coffers of those Congressmen whose favor the A.M.A., which cannot legally make direct political contributions, is interested in currying.

As Sore Throat described the system, until at least two months ago the lobbyists made their requests for political contributions to the A.M.A.'s Washington office, which approved them and passed them along to AMPAC in Chicago. When they were approved, AMPAC sent the checks, made out to the Physicians' Committee for Good Government of the District of Columbia, back to the A.M.A.'s Washington office. The committee then wrote a check from its own account and passed it along to the lobbyist to give to the Senator or Representative for whom it was intended.

Mystery Man. Sore Throat's disclosure of these operations was merely the latest in a series of revelations about the A.M.A. One previously leaked set of documents described the A.M.A.'s efforts to assure that doctors who shared its political philosophy were appointed to federal advisory panels. Another set revealed how the A.M.A.—which publicly asserts its independence of the nation's \$8.4 billion-a-year pharmaceutical industry—decided to permit representatives of drug companies in its scientific policymaking body. A third packet told how the A.M.A. and the drug companies, which had earlier con-



"The prognosis is grave, gentlemen. Our 'sore throat' is becoming a pain in the neck."

tributed \$851,000 to AMPAC, joined forces to help kill 1970 legislation designed to provide patients with less expensive medicines. Other papers have linked the A.M.A. with the Nixon Administration's lobbying efforts on behalf of Supreme Court Nominee Clement F. Haynsworth Jr.

The identity of the source of these leaks remains a mystery, even to those who have received his communications. Sore Throat claims that he is a doctor who worked in the A.M.A.'s Chicago office for about ten years. For most of this time, he says, he went along with the organization's policies. But in recent years he began agitating for reform. As a result, he says, he was given his walking papers when the A.M.A.'s combative new executive vice president, Dr. James Sammons, ordered a cutback of some 70 employees last spring. Now living in Washington, but obviously in communication with friends at A.M.A. headquarters, Sore Throat denies that revenge is the reason for his revelations. What he seeks is change. "The A.M.A.," he told TIME Correspondent Marguerite Michaels, "is a health monopoly that caters to vested interests rather than devoting itself to the betterment of health care." Revealing its secrets, he hopes, "will lead to the formation of a new organization to do what the A.M.A. has stopped doing—promoting the science and art of medicine and the betterment of public health."

As a result of Sore Throat's leaks, Congressmen and Senators are talking of holding hearings on A.M.A. activities in order to determine whether they violate laws on political activities by corporations. The IRS also has for some time been trying to decide whether the A.M.A.'s activities should cost it its tax-exempt status, and the Postal Service is

reviewing the A.M.A.'s second-class mailing privileges (along with those of other organizations). But the revelations have yet to force any visible change in the organization's policies. Sammons remains firmly in charge and, despite growing disenchantment among younger physicians and an anticipated drop in membership, the A.M.A.'s opposition to any government interference in the practice of medicine or in the education of physicians remains unaltered. Is this intransigence, rather than Sore Throat's leaks, that may ultimately prove to be the A.M.A.'s undoing?

Culture and Coronaries

American men have one of the highest heart-disease rates in the world; out of every 100,000 die as a result of coronary attacks each year. Japanese men have one of the world's lowest heart-disease rates; coronaries never claim only 92 out of every 100,000 of the country's males. Most medical researchers have long been convinced the difference is dietary: the traditional fish-and-rice diet of the Japanese is much lower in fat content than the meat and dairy and fried-food menu favored by Americans. But a new study by researchers from the University of California at Berkeley seems to show that the difference is largely cultural, not culinary. Findings indicate stress, American-style major cause of coronaries.

The Berkeley team, headed by Michael Marmot, conducted a ten-year study of some 4,000 Japanese men living in the San Francisco area, investigating their background and life-style as well as their diet, cholesterol levels, smoking habits and other factors usually associated with heart disease. When the data were finally analyzed, it became

apparent that the Japanese who cling to their traditional life-styles, which defuse tension by emphasizing acceptance of the individual's place in both family and society, fare well. Even those who indulge in high-fat diets suffer fewer coronaries than their American counterparts. But those who adopt the aggressive, competitive and impatient traits of most Americans increasingly succumb to the strain. The study found that Japanese who made a moderate transition to Western ways suffered $2\frac{1}{2}$ times as many heart attacks as those who continued to live like their forebears. Those who plunged most fully into the stress of American life were five times as likely to have coronaries as those who maintained Japanese ways.

Even in their highly industrialized homeland, the researchers note, Japanese have considerable protection against stress. They live in closely knit groups and compete as a group, rather than as individuals. But once they enter the U.S., many become subject to the same stresses as Americans. "Most Americans move away from their support group during their lives, move from one place to another, drop old friends and take up with a new set of people," explains Marmot. "That's a very un-Japanese thing to do."

Critics of the Berkeley study are likely to insist that diet soil cannot be discounted as a cause of coronaries. But researchers like Drs. Meyer Friedman and Ray Rosenman, cardiologists from San Francisco's Mount Zion Hospital and Medical Center, find that the study's conclusions support the theory espoused by their book, *Type A Behavior and Your Heart* (TIME, April 15, 1974). The San Francisco doctors have long insisted that the American way of life is hard on the heart. The Berkeley study suggests that they are right.

The Bed Boom

Does the U.S. have more hospital beds than it needs? The American Hospital Association insists that it does not. The A.H.A. reports that the total number of hospital beds in the country dropped from 1.7 million to 1.54 million between 1965 and 1973 and notes that the U.S. now trails Ireland, France, West Germany and the United Kingdom in the number of beds per capita. The Washington-based Public Citizen Health Research Group disagrees. It has released a report claiming that the country has 100,000 more hospital beds than it needs—a figure some staffers at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare believe is correct. The surplus is costly, particularly in California, where officials say there are some 22,000 excess beds. It costs an average of \$30,000 a year to maintain a hospital bed. California's hospital patients and taxpayers are thus paying more than \$600 million a year for beds that only the hospitalists feel are necessary.

Looking for Life on Mars

Space shots may be old hat to launch crews at the Kennedy Space Center. But there was an unusual air of excitement as technicians made final preparations for the blast-off of the first of two Viking spacecraft bound for Mars. Each of the ships carries a lander, the first ones designed specifically to seek evidence of life beyond the earth. Viking I, scheduled to take off this week, will follow an arcing, 460-million-mile path for more than ten months before it goes into orbit around Mars in mid-June 1976.* The spacecraft will circle the Red Planet for two weeks or more, reconnoitering landing sites and radioing information back to the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Calif.

Then, on the Fourth of July, Viking Orbiter I will cut loose Lander I for its descent to Mars' surface. The lander, almost 10 ft. wide and 7 ft. tall overall, will start work at once. In the Martian atmosphere, only 1% as dense as earth's, its radio reports on atmospheric pressure, composition, temperature and ion concentrations will be relayed to earth by the Viking orbiter. Slowed by a parachute, the lander will spread its three spidery legs and will be braked by retrorockets for what is hoped will be a gentle setdown near the mouth of a 2,500-mile-long canyon, perhaps the site of a former drainage basin. (Viking II's lander is targeted for an area near the planet's north polar hood, where moisture may still exist.) Instead of jet fuel, which would contaminate Mars with hydrocarbons, the landers'

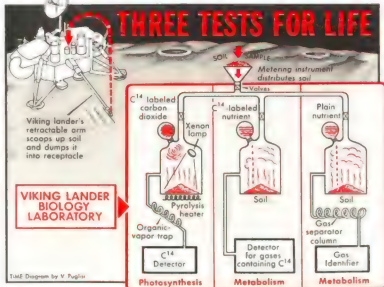
*Viking II, to be launched ten days after its twin, will travel a slightly longer course and not reach Mars until early in August.

descent rockets are powered by purified hydrazine, a nitrogen-hydrogen compound. This, explains Richard S. Young, chief program scientist for the mission, will cause minimal pollution of the Martian environment.

To make certain that Mars does not suffer a more significant contamination (and that the life-seeking devices are not confused by terrestrial organisms), both landers were heat sterilized and sealed on earth. All of the components had to be miniaturized to an incredible degree, yet remain capable of working under a wide range of temperatures. Only when such problems had been solved could the exobiologists and their engineer colleagues finally assemble the life-detection laboratory (see diagram), in a space of only one cubic foot.

Soil Scoop. On Mars, the laboratory will be served by a mechanical arm, which will reach out and scoop soil up from the surface. One small sample of soil will be dropped into a vessel containing natural Martian atmosphere. Then water vapor and carbon dioxide tagged with radioactive carbon 14 will be added. After five days of incubation under simulated Martian sunlight, the atmosphere will be removed, and the soil heated to 1160° F., hot enough to vaporize organic material. If any organism in the soil has incorporated the radioactive carbon dioxide by a process similar to terrestrial photosynthesis, the vaporized gases will contain radioactive carbon 14. That would be a sign of some kind of life.

On the chance that Mars may be the home of primitive living things something like bacteria, a soil sample in another chamber will be slightly moistened by a nutrient solution laced with carbon 14. The sample will be in-





LEVENTHAL USING METAL DETECTOR
In a field lying fallow.

cubated, then tested to learn whether anything in the soil has consumed the nutrient and released waste gases containing the telltale carbon 14.

In a third vessel, a soil sample will be incubated after being given a generous serving of a richer nutrient (but one containing no radiocarbon), which the experimenters call "chicken soup." If any organisms thrive in the nutrient, they should give off familiar metabolic gases—oxygen, nitrogen, methane or carbon dioxide—that would then be identified by an analyzer. If there are living organisms in the vicinity of the landing sites, this fine biochemical screen should trap them.

If all goes according to plan, U.S. viewers should see closeup and panoramic stills of the Martian surface in black and white within hours after the lander touches down. There will also be transmissions from the Viking I Orbiter, and then another flood of data and pictures from Orbiter II and Lander II. All told, the cost of Project Viking will be a staggering \$1 billion. But if scientists on earth receive the first hard evidence that life exists elsewhere in the solar system, that startling revelation will be well worth the cost.

Emperor in the Dust

As a stockbroker, Morton Leventhal, 38, uses the telephone to track down clients and commissions. When he is on vacation, he turns to an electronic metal detector and searches for another kind of treasure: ancient coins and other artifacts. Last month, as he neared the end of a visit with his married sister at the kibbutz Tirat Zvi, south of the Sea of Galilee in Israel, the amateur archaeologist and numismatist had little



BRONZE HEAD OF HADRIAN

to show for his efforts. With the help of his \$160 metal detector, he had uncovered many sardine cans, bottle caps and shell casings, but no coins.

Then an acquaintance suggested that Leventhal try a nearby field that was lying fallow. After bicycling to the site, Leventhal began to sweep the area with his detector. Soon the beep-beep in his earphones changed to a wail. Leventhal unsheathed his 8-in. scout knife, dug through the dry soil and unearthed a peculiarly shaped cylinder that he thought was just "another sewer pipe." Then the detector sounded off for another hit. More knife digging, and Leventhal was suddenly staring at what seemed to be curls on the back of a bronze head. He dug out the head, wrapped it in two T-shirts and a towel, and went back to the kibbutz, where it was put on display in the dining hall.

Breastplate Combat. The Israeli Department of Antiquities rushed a district archaeologist to the kibbutz. He excitedly identified Leventhal's find as part of a statue of Roman Emperor Hadrian, who ruled from A.D. 117 to 138. Leventhal was reminded that according to Israeli law, he should have left his find in place until the official arrived. He responded that if he had not removed it, a passing tractor might well have chopped it to pieces. Besides, there was much more of the statue at the site. The sewer pipe, at first thought to be a leg, proved to be an arm; within a few feet was a breastplate magnificently decorated with warriors in hand-to-hand combat. Some parts may be missing, but when the remnants are assembled, Israel will have only the second life-size bronze statue of Hadrian known to exist.

The statue will be displayed in Israel's capital. "There was no way that statue wasn't going to Jerusalem," said Leventhal. In the 2nd century, the Jews who lived there "would have given anything to get their hands on Hadrian," who crushed the revolt led by Patriarch Bar Kokhba and savagely persecuted the Jews. Now that contemporary Israelis have him, they are not about to let Hadrian go. As consolation for not letting Leventhal keep his find, Israeli archaeologists have promised him some ancient Jewish coins for his collection.

MILESTONES

Engaged. Edward Mezvinsky, 38, recently divorced Democratic Representative from Iowa and a junior member of the House Judiciary Committee that reported three articles of impeachment against former President Nixon; and Marjorie Sue Margolies, thirtyish, a reporter for NBC-TV News. It will be the first marriage for Margolies, who has two adopted daughters, one from Korea and one from Viet Nam; the second for Mezvinsky, the father of four daughters. The couple plan an October wedding.

Died. Julian ("Cannonball") Adderley, 46, lyrical, driving jazz saxophonist; of a heart attack, 25 days after suffering a paralyzing stroke on his way to a gig in Gary, Ind. Son of a Florida musician who weaned him on jazz, Adderley arrived in New York in 1955 with a quintet that included his brother Nat on the cornet. First billed as the heir apparent to Altoist Charlie ("Bird") Parker, Adderley became more eclectic as he forged his own musical identity with Miles Davis' group from 1957-59 and later with his own revived quintet. His playful bantering with audiences and brilliant improvisations on such numbers as *This Here and Mercy, mercy, mercy* made Adderley's group one of the most successful in jazz. "God smiles on certain individuals," he once told an interviewer, "and they get the privilege to have certain beautiful, artistic vibrations pass through them."

Died. Sir Peter Daubeny, 54, British impresario; of a brain tumor, in London. Trained as an actor, Daubeny found his stage career shattered when he lost his left arm at Salerno during World War II. He rebounded as a promoter-organizer, touring Europe, Asia and the U.S. to recruit troupes such as the Moscow Art Theater, Bertolt Brecht's Berliner Ensemble and the Martha Graham Dance Company for performances in England. In 1964 he founded the World Theater Season, which brought foreign companies to the Aldwych Theater (London home of the Royal Shakespeare Company) every spring for a decade. Two years ago Daubeny won a knighthood for his services to the British theater.

Died. James Jewell, 69, early radio producer-director; of a heart attack; in Chicago. While working for WXYZ in Detroit during the 1930s, Jewell produced, wrote and directed both the early *Lone Ranger* series and *The Green Hornet*. Kee-Mo-Sah-Bee, Tonto's greeting to the masked Ranger, derived from the name of a boy's camp owned by Jewell's father-in-law. Jewell's later credits include *The Black Ace* and *Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy*, a long-running saga that exhorted teen-agers to eat Wheaties.

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More than fifty million years before electricity was discovered, nature gave us a way to make it.

Plain old coal.

Actually many things can be used to make electricity. Today, most is made by burning coal, oil, gas. But with oil and natural gas in short supply, coal becomes more important than ever.

Many people don't realize just how much coal America has. We're sitting on a fifth of all the coal in the world.

Enough coal to help make electricity for 200 years.



America is rich in coal deposits.

Of course, not all of this coal is clean-burning. And not all of it is easily mined.

These are both problems that will have to be solved.

And 200 years isn't forever.

General Electric is working to stretch our coal resources. One way is with more efficient power plants. Power



plants that will make more electricity out of every lump of coal.

Another way GE is working to stretch our coal resources is with nuclear power, using uranium to take over more of the job of making electricity. Today, nuclear power provides about 8% of our electricity.

The country's need for electricity will double in the next 12 years or so. To meet this need, we'll have to rely more and

more on coal and nuclear power. And continue to look for new ways to make electricity.

Because we depend on electricity too much to depend on any one way of making it.



Every lump of coal we burn saves oil and gas.

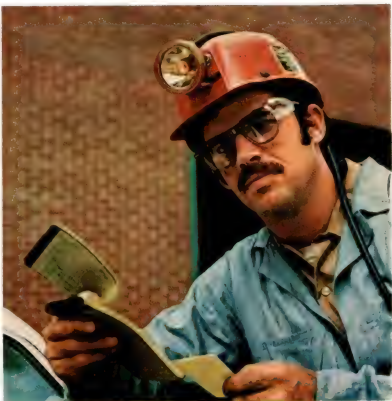
Progress
for
People.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

What one company is doing to help support America's colleges

Ken Katen earned \$2,500 for his alma mater. After graduating from Pennsylvania State University, Ken decided to join Bethlehem Steel and enter our management-training program. Because of his decision, Penn State received a \$2,500 contribution from Bethlehem. (If Ken had attended a privately endowed university, our contribution would have been \$5,000.) Under our aid-to-education program, established in 1953, Bethlehem has made unrestricted contributions to more than 250 colleges and universities.

Ken Katen is a systems engineer for the Beth-Elkhorn Corporation Jenkins, Ky., a coal-mining subsidiary of Bethlehem.



Brown University is using part of a special, unrestricted grant from Bethlehem for undergraduate counseling. Some 8 per cent of Brown's enrollment is made up of minority students, admitted on the basis of their demonstrated ability and future promise. Dean John M. Robinson advises a special program of peer counseling and tutoring, and other activities, for these students. Objective: to help ease their transition into a predominantly white educational environment, so that they may fully realize their potential at Brown. This is an excellent example of how colleges and universities meet special needs with unrestricted grants.





Ed Snowden wanted a college education. We helped pay his tuition. Bethlehem's educational assistance program encourages our full-time, salaried employees to continue their education. The program provides full reimbursement for tuition costs of approved courses of study. Since its start 13 years ago, 4,220 employees have taken advantage of the program. Ed Snowden, for example, earned his Bachelor of Science degree in science education from Morgan State College while working full time in our Sparrows Point Md. steel plant.

Ed Snowden is a community affairs representative in our Baltimore district office.



When Lucile Haas gave Occidental College \$250, so did we. Bethlehem's Program of Matching Grants to Education encourages our employees to contribute to colleges and universities. For each dollar an employee gives (up to \$2,000 in any calendar year), we make a matching grant of one dollar. In the past two years, 1,450 Bethlehem employees gave to 325 colleges and universities. Mrs. Haas, whose son Stephen is a graduate of Occidental College, was one of them.

Lucile Haas is a secretary at Bethlehem's Torrance Calif. Fabricating Works.

Bethlehem



Many colleges desperately need contributions. We hope you will consider their needs.

LUXURY IS BUILT IN. NOT TACKED ON.

The luxury of a Volvo 164 isn't something you just see. It's something you feel. A sense of elegance that's not gaudily apparent. But very much real.

Inside, for example, there are no brocades or wood-grain veneers. Yet, in its own way, the interior of the 164 reeks of quality. You can smell the fine leather used to face the seats. And these seats are a luxury in themselves. Numerous automotive journals have pronounced them "among the most comfortable in the world."

On the dashboard, no fancy dials or gadgets. The only instrument you may be unfamiliar with is the tachometer. Which in the 164 bears watching. The three liter, fuel-injected engine is so smooth and quiet, the tachometer is sometimes the only way to tell if you're in second or fourth gear. (No extra charge for 4-speed manual with overdrive or automatic transmission.)

Exposed structural parts of the Volvo body are made of rustproof galvanized steel.

Rustproofing isn't just sprayed on. It's drawn into the metal with a powerful magnetic charge before Volvo receives its final exterior coats. The result is an exterior finish that surpasses any mere "paint job." Even the striking metallic finishes are included in the base price of the Volvo 164.

Its overall styling, like all the world's truly elegant cars, is if anything over understated. It cannot be confused with those so-called luxury cars whose arrival loudly proclaims, "dollars, dollars, dollars!"

The Volvo 164 simply states, "sense."

VOLVO 164

The luxury car for people who think.



The Inviolable Mailbox

In the winter, it is snowballs. Last month it was firecrackers. Now is the season of bees, wasps and gypsy moths. Indeed, U.S. mail carriers are used to finding all manner of surprises in the 25 million home mailboxes that line America's roads. But whether citizens leave a week-old baby boy (as once happened) or a cup of steaming coffee in winter (as often happens), it is all illegal. Though a man's home may be his castle and though he must buy and maintain his mailbox, its interior space essentially belongs to Uncle Sam.

"A mailbox remains the private property of the individual," says Postal Service Lawyer Jack T. DiLorenzo. "But we do have some control." Yes, indeed. That control began shortly after the 1896 start of rural free delivery. By 1899 Postmaster General Charles Smith was already grouching that "tomato cans, cigar boxes, drainage pipes upended, soap boxes and even sections of discarded stovepipes were used as mailboxes." There followed three quarters of a century of regulation and regularization. Now the owner of a rural mailbox must place it at a height convenient to the carrier, and the box he buys must be of a type approved by the Postal Service (minimum size: 19 in. long by 6½ in. wide by 8½ in. high; maximum, 23½ in. by 11½ in. by 13½ in.). If a homeowner wants to build a mailbox himself or buy one not made by "approved manufacturers," his choice must be okayed by his postmaster.

Maximum Fine. Originality is allowed, but postal regulations warn that posts or supports "may not be designed to represent effigies and caricatures that would tend to disparage or ridicule any person." Boxes must also be rust-free and "neat." Regulations for mail slots and apartment mailboxes are very nearly as detailed. Persistent violation of the rules can bring a halt to home delivery. Mail can, of course, be picked up at the post office, but that involves renting a box at rates that just went up from \$21.60 to \$25 a year, or using a general-delivery window, which often requires waiting in line.

Breaking some mailbox rules can bring fines or jail sentences. For example, "destruction of letter boxes or mail" carries a penalty of up to three years or \$1,000. Also, no one can put anything in a mailbox that doesn't bear postage, and no one other than the owner, his agent or the letter carrier can take anything out. The person who puts mailable material into mailboxes himself to avoid payment of postage faces a maximum fine of \$300 per offense. The Postal Service claims that otherwise mailboxes might become overstuffed and the security of the mail weakened.

PHOTOGRAPH BY



YOUNGSTERS COLLECTING THEIR MAIL IN ROCKLAND COUNTY, N.Y.
The season of bees, wasps and gypsy moths.

The major problem with private delivery to mailboxes is that the Government monopoly would be undermined. The law has long banned competition from private mail services, and it was tightened in 1934 after public utilities started delivering their own bills. The law does permit home delivery of newspapers to a separate box and private delivery of such non-first-class material as magazines and ad circulars that can be hung on doorknobs, in plastic bags, or pushed through a mail slot in the door. But in the mailbox itself, only mail with U.S. postage is legal. Without a monopoly, the service fears being stuck with costly deliveries to remote areas, while the more easily handled and economical urban and suburban routes are snatched up by private deliverers. Planned hikes in postal rates may increase pressures for private service, but a pending House bill to open first-class mail delivery to free enterprise has practically no chance of early passage. Nor do the courts find the present protectionism unconstitutional. Federal judges have turned thumbs down on private efforts to leave shopping guides atop mailboxes and put handy hooks on the boxes for the benefit of ad-circular deliverers.

So the mailbox remains an odd "private federal preserve, established and maintained at the expense of the individual owner," as the *Evening Journal* of Wilmington, Del., recently complained. Rural homeowners will have to go on putting up with such advice as is contained in Form 4056: "Your mailbox needs attention." But the Postal Service still offers the time-honored advice

that whatever the restrictions, "this does not mean that you may not meet your carrier at the door if you desire and greet him as cordially as ever." After all, he probably has a mailbox of his own.

No Room at the Inn

If any group could be expected to equate a confirmed reservation with a binding contract it would be a bunch of lawyers. Not the American Bar Association. Preparations for the A.B.A.'s annual meeting this week in Montreal were so tentative that delegates had to display more than fancy legal footwork merely to get there.

Four new hotels promised by Montreal officials were not ready, and as many as 3,000 lawyers who wanted to attend were forced to stay home. On top of that, the A.B.A. had to cough up \$75,000 to bus some delegates back and forth from convention headquarters to hotels as much as an hour's ride away. Judges who are members of the A.B.A. usually hold their own meeting in conjunction with the convention, but this year they were chivvied into convening early, clearing their agenda and getting out of town fast so that their beds would be available for lawyers still to come. Yet, things could have been worse. A threatened strike by hotel employees, which would have canceled the convention, did not materialize.

A.B.A. staffers saw the trouble coming and recommended a shift in sites. They were overruled by the A.B.A. governors, who decided that Montreal would somehow make room



ROD STEIGER (RIGHT) STRUGGLES WITH I.R.A. MEMBER IN *HENNESSY*

CINEMA

Erin Go Boom

HENNESSY
Directed by DON SHARP
Screenplay by RICHARD JOHNSON

The Queen of England is miffed at this movie. Her Majesty appears in a pivotal supporting role, opening Parliament, while an Irishman named Hennessy (Rod Steiger) is on the premises, about to blow the whole place skyward. The Queen's appearance is constructed entirely out of newsreel footage of the actual event, which the cagey film makers have intercut with their elaborate fictions. This has been accomplished so deftly, however, that the Queen appears to look up sharply as Steiger and Hollis of the Yard (Richard Johnson) struggle off to her left. Now, times are hard, and there is continuing debate over whether the royal family requires a larger allowance on which to subsist. So that audiences will be certain that the Queen has not turned to tramping to supplement her \$3 million per annum state allowance, *Hennessy* is required to begin with a title—almost like a proclamation—assuring all that “the royal family took no part in the making of this film.”

Let us leave to the Monty Python team and other functional surrealists the comic possibilities of the royal family's getting into show biz, contracting out for guest appearances and bickering over billing. (Would the Queen get first billing over the title because of royal privilege, or would Steiger outrank her because he won an Oscar?) *Hennessy*

the matter at hand, turns out to be a reasonably stout if rather unoriginal thriller about an Irish demolitions expert who swears vengeance on the British Empire.

His wife and beautiful young daughter are killed in a Belfast street struggle between young I.R.A. partisans and British troops. The I.R.A. has been trying for years to enlist Hennessy's technical skills in their struggle, but he has always resisted. Even after the tragedy, he remains a loner. He books himself a one-way ticket on the morning flight to London, hides out with the widow of an I.R.A. friend (Lee Remick), and starts putting together his fantastic plot.

Great Stress. The Yard gets on to him and becomes duly alarmed. The I.R.A. is even more desperate, however. If Hennessy's plot succeeds, the group will be discredited the world over. Pursued on all sides, nearly run to ground, the fanatic Hennessy is totally alone.

In situations like this, in which evidence of great stress is required, Steiger is not an actor to be trusted. He weeps frequently and unconvincingly. In fairness, he tries to restrain himself through much of the film, but he has become such a victim of his own mannerisms that he even overdoes underplaying. Similarly, *Hennessy* itself breaks down at crucial points. Director Don Sharp manages things well enough, however, to extract the maximum amount of tension and suspense from the kind of assassination plot that can come close to working only in movies.

Jay Cocks

Heck on Wheels

RACE WITH THE DEVIL
Directed by JACK STARRETT
Screenplay by WES BISHOP
and LEE FROST

How does Peter Fonda get himself into these things? He and his buddy Warren Oates—reunited again after Fonda's own *The Hired Hand* (1971)—appear as vacationers run amok, witchcraft out in the Texas boomtown. Members of a cult that plays footsie with Satan dress up in hooded sheets and build a bonfire near a gnarled old tree. Then they get right down to business and sacrifice a victim. This gives the boys across the ravine—Fonda and Oates—a mighty eyeful and a good scare. They climb back aboard the \$36,000 motor home and hightail it out of there, accompanied by their anxious spouses (Loretta Swit and Lara Parker) and a nervous dog (Ginger) and pursued by the entire coven.

Texas witches are a crafty lot, endowed with the power to raise high winds and impersonate seemingly innocent citizens. When Fonda and Oates make a report to the police, they are met with jocular, good-ol'-boys suspicions about the amount of liquor consumed on the night in question. Stopping at a filling station or roadside store, they catch long looks and intimations of menace. There is no safety anywhere. The dog and the wives, all of whom have been provided with roughly the same opportunities for characterization, respond similarly to the situation: they jabber and yap and tremble. The wives, however, are spared Ginger's indignity of being nailed to the door of the motor home.

If the people who slapped together *Race with the Devil* are not much interested in women, they do not seem

FONDA ARMING HIMSELF IN *RACE*



CINEMA

care much for movies either. Perhaps the A.A.A. might use *Race with the Devil* to illustrate the perils of driving off the interstate. It seems of little use for any other purpose. **Jay Cocks**

Winding Down

THE WILD PARTY

Directed by JAMES IVORY

Screenplay by WALTER MARKS

At several points during the fitful progress of this strange movie, an actor reads aloud from a stilted poem of his own composition. It takes a certain spirit to make a movie with poetic narration. To have such a rinky-tinky poem ("It was a typical Hollywood party, I guess. Except for the way it ended") declaimed straight to the camera is an act of further bravado that can only be applauded.

The sound of two hands clapping will cease immediately thereafter. *The Wild Party* never develops the fine frenzy it needs. The questionable poem was written more than 40 years ago by Joseph Moncre March, another of whose works was the basis for Robert Wise's excellent film about small-time boxing, *The Set-Up* (1948). It recounts the sad, eventually violent doings at the home of Funnyman Jolly Grimm (James Coco), whose career as a silent-film star has suffered from the coming of sound. After a five-year absence, Jolly is stag-



PERRY KING SWEEPS RAQUEL WELCH OFF HER FEET IN JAMES IVORY'S *THE WILD PARTY*

First-rate performance on a second-rate guest list.

ing the world premiere of his new comedy and inviting everyone to his Hollywood mansion. Doug and Mary are having a do over at Pickfair, however, so the Grimm guest list is mostly populated by second-raters.

At the party, Queenie, Jolly's much-abused girl friend, is pursued and eventually seduced by a brilliant-tinted matinee idol named Dale Sword (Perry King). From jealousy and an encroaching sense of failure, Jolly goes to pieces, and the party follows right along. There is all manner of period decadence fes-

tooning the screen, rendered too campily by Director James Ivory (*Shakespeare Wallah!*) to have much force. Coco makes a good Jolly, full of poor, crazy hopes, and Raquel Welch appears as Queenie. Welch's presence is usually the occasion for unchivalrous wisecracks of one sort or another, but she is genuinely touching in *The Wild Party*. Her Queenie is a really sensual woman, not a creature of synthetic sexuality. Unhappily, *The Wild Party* may be the first of her starring vehicles in which she is actually better than the material. **J.C.**

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Nader v. Nukes

Consumerist Ralph Nader has long been predicting that 1975 would be the year when America would awake to the potential dangers of nuclear power and begin to phase out new reactors from its energy plans. But so far, nothing of the sort has happened. There are 55 nuclear power plants—or "nukes," as they are called—operating in the U.S. today, and the Ford Administration wants 145 more built by 1985. Last week a new Harris poll indicated that the American people are ready to go along with that idea. Some 63% of them favor building more nukes, the poll revealed, because they view atomic energy as cheap, clean and "inexhaustible." By contrast, only 19% of the people opposed construction of more reactors, and a mere 5% thought that they were dangerous.

Nuclear opponents promptly explained the results of the poll by saying that the public is simply not well informed about atomic energy. "It has been our experience," Nader adds, "that whenever people find out what the story is, they're overwhelmingly against nuclear power." So the critics are now talking of 1975 as a "year of education." Last week, to spread the word, they took two steps—both of them dramatic.

New Weight. First, the antinuclear forces released an open letter to the President and Congress. Signed by 2,300 "members of the American technical community"—engineers, doctors and scientists, including nine Nobel laureates—it urged "a drastic reduction in new nuclear plant construction." Reason: there are still too many unanswered questions about the safety of atomic power plants, the disposal of radioactive wastes and the difficulties of safeguarding plutonium. Rather than take these nuclear risks, the scientists advised the Federal Government to: 1) start a strict energy conservation program; 2) develop nonpolluting ways of mining and burning coal; and 3) work toward using "the energy from the sun, the winds, the tides and the heat in the earth's crust." All this is familiar stuff, but the large number of concerned scientists—about 20% of those whose signatures were solicited—may lend new weight to the recommendations.

Then, in a more sensational move, citizen groups from 20 states asked the Nuclear Regulatory Commission to improve its contingency plans to save the most lives possible in the extremely unlikely event that a nuclear plant had a serious accident that would release lethal radioactivity. Such a disaster, Nader says, could cause "tens of thousands of casualties, billions of dollars in property damages, and long-term contamination of the affected land." To bring this scary message even closer to



MEMBERS OF CITIZEN GROUP PROTESTING AGAINST ATOMIC ENERGY IN MADISON, WIS. After disappointment in the legislatures, a turn to "education."

the public, antinuclear groups in 15 states last week petitioned their respective public utility commissions to order each utility to enclose in bill mailings its plan for evacuating residents from the area of a nuclear accident. Obviously, such plans would emphasize the horrendous consequences of the worst kinds of nuclear-plant accidents; the fact that the chances of such accidents are infinitesimal could easily escape the public.

Until now, Nader and his followers had pinned their hopes on getting legislative curbs on more nukes. For a while that strategy seemed to be working. A total of 21 states introduced measures to restrict development of nuclear power. But only two have acted: Vermont, which passed a law last April giving the legislature the right to approve (or turn down) future atomic reactors; and California, which will hold a referendum next June on whether, in effect, to ban nuclear plants. Almost all of the other proposals have either been voted down as totally impractical or tabled until next year because of lack of support.

No Curbs. The situation in Washington has been equally disappointing to Nader and his colleagues. The new Congress, which has many members who have professed serious misgivings about the peaceful atom, has so far failed to pass any bill to curb nuclear energy. The lawmakers are clearly reluctant to act against a technology that already supplies 8.5% of the nation's electricity and generates employment as well—especially when there are no alternative energy sources ready to be used. All this is not to deny that nuclear energy still

poses many grave problems. But whether "education"—which to the Naderites apparently means scaring the public with hyperbole—is the way to resolve them seems dubious indeed.

A Plastic That Decays

Hundreds of thousands of years from now, the most persistent signs of man's present civilization could be masses of well-preserved plastic bottles, containers, bags and wrappings. That is because plastics resist natural processes of decay almost indefinitely. To make the material go away when it is thrown away, scientists in Germany have developed a type of plastic that disintegrates when exposed to the ultraviolet rays in sunlight. But it has a hitch: the sun does not distinguish between unopened plastic containers and discards.

Now the British have come up with a better solution. The big packaging firm of Coloroll, Ltd., is producing plastic bags that will decompose naturally in five years. The secret: addition of clean, dry starch to plastic polymers. "By putting in the starch," explains Inventor Gerald J.C. Griffin, a teacher of plastics technology at Brunel University, "we are adding carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. The bags will act as a carbon source for soil bacteria, breaking down into humus and carbon dioxide." Griffin's process, which can be used for most plastic products, has a powerful appeal beyond reducing long-lived litter. Because starch costs much less than polymer plastics, the process saves money—up to \$4.50 per 1,000 bags right now.

OUTLOOK

Inflation v. Optimism

One of the worries the nation cannot shake is that the quickening economic recovery will be accompanied by—or perhaps cause—a rekindling of inflation. Last week that fear became considerably more chilling. The Labor Department reported that the Wholesale Price Index jumped at a startling compound annual rate of 15.4% in July, paced by higher farm and processed-food prices. Although the index bounced around erratically from month to month (it declined a shade in June),

cover cost increases they swallowed during the recession.

Although the consumer price index rose at an annual rate of 10% in June, no one really expects another round of double-digit inflation. But the figures do indicate more inflation than had been anticipated. One top Ford Administration economist, who had been estimating that prices would be rising at a 6% rate at year's end, now privately predicts 7%. Any prolonged new surge of inflation could threaten the recovery it-

FISCHETTI—CHICAGO DAIL—NEWS



there is no reason to think that August figures will be much better. The latest report covers only part of the surge in grain prices that followed Russian purchases and does not include coffee boosts triggered by a frost in Brazil or a 3¢-per-gal. hike in gasoline.

Healthy Clip. More price rises are being posted too. U.S. Steel announced a series of price changes, effective between now and Oct. 1, that work out to an increase averaging 3.8% on many products (earlier, several companies had tried to raise flat-rolled steel, the kind that goes into autos and appliances, about 9%). American Motors became the first automaker to make public tentative price rises on 1976 models. A.M.C.'s will average 5.8%, or \$200 a car. The moves, taken together with aluminum increases going into effect this month, seem to indicate that major corporations are boosting prices to re-

self by making consumers turn cautious and reduce the spending that has been lifting the nation out of its slump.

That is probably more of a threat for 1976 than this year. Economists both in and out of the Administration, including some of its Democratic critics, lately have been voicing a new optimism that the recovery, far from getting off to the sputtering start widely feared a few months ago, is advancing at a healthy clip that should send production up at about a 7% to 8% rate in both the third and fourth quarters. The biggest reason is a predicted tapering off of business inventory cutting. In addition, the statistics—except for those concerning inflation—have been good: unemployment fell from a peak of 9.2% in May to 8.4% in July, and the index of leading indicators in the second quarter registered the highest jump in 17 years. Auto sales and

retail sales are generally improving.

There is some fear, however, especially among the Democrats, that the recovery could peter out next year before it really reduces the unemployment rate much. Most indicators could move upward smartly, says Economist Walter Heller, and "all that will be left behind is human beings—the unemployed who won't find jobs on the gentle slopes of recovery." The threat of renewed inflation is only one reason for this worry. Interest rates are rising, discouraging business borrowing. Last week New Jersey Bell Telephone and Con Edison put off bond offerings totaling \$155 million and Manhattan's First National City Bank raised its prime rate on business loans a quarter point, to 7½%. Also, the stimulus of the \$18 billion of 1975 tax cuts and rebates will be largely exhausted by next year.

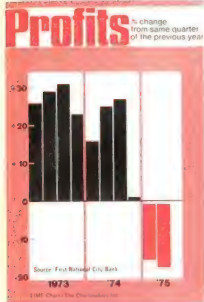
Open Mind. Thus the next round of policy debates in Washington, likely to start when Congress returns next month, will be over what additional stimulus the economy may need to keep the recovery on course—without kicking up too much more inflation. Congress almost surely will extend \$9.4 billion of the 1975 tax cuts. Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, has indicated that the Administration has an open mind on the issue. There is some sentiment in Congress that additional tax cuts might be needed.

Liberals are pressing Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns to expand the nation's money supply at something more like the 11% annual rate of the second quarter than Burns' announced target of 5% to 7½%. The nation's money supply showed almost no growth during July.

Continued bad news on the inflation front could seriously complicate these debates. Treasury Secretary William Simon has been arguing that the nation cannot afford production growth at an annual rate of more than 5% to 6% without causing a new burst of inflation. So far, he has been a lonely voice even within the Administration, but the latest figures might give him some new ammunition.

Earnings: Hitting Bottom

The recession that has now mercifully ended produced the worst earnings slump since the 1930s: between the third quarter of 1974 and the first quarter of this year, after-tax profits of the nation's corporations plunged 34%. Now there is solid evidence that the decline has at long last hit bottom. Manhattan's First National City Bank reports that during the second quarter, after-tax earnings of 912 large manufacturing firms rose 10% above the first quarter. Profits of non-manufacturing companies, such as



banks, utilities and retail chains, increased 15%.

Some of the biggest profits gains came in the machinery industry—up 25% from the first quarter, largely as a result of heavier demand for coal-mining and farm equipment. Food processing enjoyed a 33% rise, mainly because lower costs for sugar, wheat and shortening fattened profit margins. Another pleasant surprise: General Motors reported net income up more than 400% above the first quarter, and 8.8% ahead of a year ago, on the strength of a long-awaited pickup in its car sales. American Motors also showed a healthy increase: net income rose to \$10.1 million, v. a \$47.8 million first-quarter loss.

Of course, not all industries shared in the improved second-quarter performance. Steel profits were down 26% from the first quarter, utilities 8%, and aluminum and other nonferrous metal producers 11%. Airlines flew in the red because of high jet-fuel costs and an uneconomically low percentage of filled seats. Overall, though, the Citibank study painted a brighter second-quarter earnings picture than many experts had expected. Says Citibank Economist Robert Lewis: "The upturn in earnings is further proof that the economy has begun to bounce back."

Some other surveys point to a similar, though much less dramatic bottoming-out of the profits decline. Working from such data as sales volume and the percentage of industrial capacity in use, rather than from a sampling of corporation reports to stockholders, Data Resources Inc.'s president Otto Eckstein estimates that second-quarter after-tax earnings of all U.S. companies rose 3.4% above the first three months. Standard & Poor's Corp. calculates a modest 3.7% decline. Still, S. & P. Economist Richard Scruggs believes the second quarter

probably marked "the end of the drop" in corporate earnings.

Compared with a year ago, to be sure, profits still look bad. Citibank calculates that second-quarter earnings of the 1,331 firms in its survey fell 17% below a year earlier (see chart); manufacturers were down 22%. Scruggs predicts that for all of 1975, corporate earnings will sink 20% to 25% under 1974—the most severe year-to-year drop since 1938.

Solid Profits. The figures are not quite as bleak as they look. Last year profits of many companies were swollen by inflation, which raised the prices of goods the companies held in bulging inventories. During 1975, these artificial profits have largely disappeared: companies have drastically reduced their inventories, and the prices of merchandise remaining in stock are rising less rapidly. During the second quarter, Citibank calculates, less than 10% of all corporate pretax profits were traceable to rising inventory values, v. nearly 33% during the same three months of 1974. Inventory values, the bank's economists believe, should continue to be less of a distorting factor in profit reports for the rest of this year. That is good news for the whole economy. The more that executives believe the post-recession recovery in their companies' profits is solidly based, the more likely they are to step up spending for new plant and equipment and begin rehiring workers.

SCANDALS

Lockheed's Defiance: A Right to Bribe?

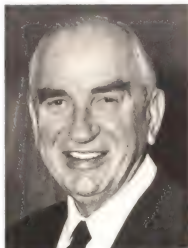
Lockheed Aircraft Corp.—the company famous for its financial troubles, spectacular cost overruns and controversial Government loan guarantees—has now acquired another dubious distinction. Having admitted under prodding by the Securities and Exchange Commission that it has slipped at least \$22 million under the table to foreign government officials and political organizations, the company issued a defiant statement that sounded almost like an assertion of the right to bribe.

A lengthening list of giant U.S. corporations, including Exxon, Gulf, Mobil, United Brands and Northrop, had previously admitted to making similar payoffs. The SEC's policy has been to require corporations in such cases to reveal who got their political payments and to agree not to make any more. Some have complied, others are resisting. Last week Ashland Oil Inc. argued that securities laws do not require public disclosure of the recipients of questionable payments that the company says it has made in Nigeria, Gabon, Libya and the Dominican Republic. Ashland has already supplied the names to the SEC.

Lockheed went further. It stated

that identifying its beneficiaries could hurt its \$1.6 billion backlog of unfilled foreign orders, presumably by causing embarrassed foreign governments to cancel contracts, and also damage prospects for future sales. Nor would Lockheed promise to make no more political payments. Such payments, it said, are a normal and necessary feature of doing business in certain parts of the world, are essential to sales and "are consistent with practices engaged in by numerous other companies abroad."

That blunt stand forces into the open—as no previous case has—some of the legal, ethical and practical questions surrounding the whole issue of foreign bribery and political payoffs by American corporations. Immediately, Lockheed's position could provoke a legal battle over just how far the SEC can go in forcing a company to make public its foreign payments. If the company and the agency cannot agree—and Lockheed's statement would seem to leave little room for compromise—the SEC could hale Lockheed into federal court on charges of violating the agency's financial reporting requirements. Generally speaking, foreign political payments—or even outright bribery—do not violate any U.S. law, but concealing them on a corporation's books does. In ad-



LOCKHEED CHAIRMAN HOUGHTON



SEC CHAIRMAN GARRETT

The higher gas goes the more Datsun saves.

Gas prices are going up. But don't despair. There's something you can do right now that will keep your own gasoline expenditures in line.

Some Datsun economics. If you plan to keep your new car 50,000 miles (most people do), we've done some quick math to put your driving expenses into perspective. If your car gets 10 mpg in the city, you'll buy 5,000 gallons to go 50,000 miles. On the other hand, if you're driving a Datsun B-210 (27 mpg in the city, according to the EPA), you'll use just 1,851 gallons to go 50,000 miles. And that translates beautifully into dollars!

Increasing returns. At 60 cents per gallon for gas, 5,000 gallons cost \$3,000; 1,851 gallons \$1,110. A savings of \$1,890 for Datsun. At 70 cents a gallon, the figures are \$3,500 and \$1,296 respectively. Or, a savings of \$2,204 for Datsun! And that's just in town. Think what your *highway* savings would be—the B-210 with std. 4-speed transmission gets 41 mpg on the highway, according to the EPA!

3 at 41 mpg. Datsun offers three B-210 models: Hatchback, 2- and 4-Door Sedans. Each with bucket seats, carpeting, tinted



glass, whitewalls, front disc brakes and more, included in the price. One thing's sure. The higher gas goes, the more your new Datsun saves.

Datsun Saves



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

dition, of course, the payments might violate laws of the countries where they were made.

The broader questions are whether payments to foreign government officials and politicians are really necessary to U.S. companies' overseas sales and what the Government can do to stop the practice. The answers, unhappily, seem to be that Lockheed and other aerospace companies really would lose sales—to open-handed British, French, German, Japanese and Soviet concerns—if they did not make such payments. Further, the U.S. Government is too deeply involved in the companies' fortunes to do anything very effective.

Overseas Sales. For Lockheed, big foreign sales are especially critical. The nation's second biggest defense contractor (after General Dynamics), Lockheed has been financially shaky ever since it ran into mammoth cost overruns on the C-5A cargo plane in the late 1960s. It received a near lethal blow in 1971 when Britain's Rolls-Royce, maker of the jet engines for the company's civilian L-1011 TriStar, went bankrupt, and Lockheed eventually lost \$300 million, due in part to canceled orders. A recent rescue operation, under which Textron Inc. would have provided \$100 million in new cash in exchange for a 46.8% interest in Lockheed, fell through in February. Lockheed two weeks ago announced that its profits for the first half of 1975 nearly doubled from a year earlier, to \$24.7 million, but this is based partly on cost calculations that assume Lockheed will eventually sell 300 TriStars; whether it can is in serious doubt. Lockheed still bears a debt load of nearly \$1 billion. The current scandal seems as unlikely to unhorse Chairman Daniel Houghton, who has headed Lockheed since 1967, as any of the company's former crises. His defenders on the board of directors believe Houghton is not personally responsible for many of the company's biggest problems.

The company's survival has been due largely to U.S. Government business and to a huge expansion of overseas sales, primarily of the C-130 Hercules troop-and-cargo transport. Foreign sales have grown from \$146 million in 1970 (when the political payments began) to \$650 million last year. Sales have been high in Iran and Saudi Arabia, and speculation is that many of the payments have gone there.

The Government bailed out Lockheed in 1971, when it agreed to guarantee repayment of as much as \$250 million in bank loans to the company; Lockheed currently is using \$195 million of the credit. The Government Emergency Loan Guarantee Board, set up to oversee the program, is looking into the possibility that Lockheed violated its obligations by failing to tell the board about the \$22 million in foreign payments.

The Government's dilemma is sub-



CHILDREN BUYING ICE CREAM FROM A GOOD HUMOR MAN IN ROCKAWAY, N. J.
If the indictment is true, a giant scoop of innocence has melted.

tly symbolized by the position of SEC Chairman Ray Garrett. As a member of the Loan Board, his chief concern is to ensure that Lockheed survives until the Government is released from its commitment at the end of 1977. But as SEC chief, he would normally be expected to concentrate on seeing that the reporting rules are obeyed, whatever the damage to the company. Garrett's solution: he has disqualified himself from the SEC's deliberations as to what to do about Lockheed.

More generally, the Government has strong political and balance of payment reasons to encourage sales abroad by U.S. arms and aerospace manufacturers, and sometimes has not hesitated to promote them. The Government interest does not, of course, extend to condoning of bribery. But it probably precludes any effective measures to stamp it out, like passage of a law making the payment of foreign bribes a crime in the U.S.

"Ice Cream Gate"

The suspects allegedly falsified records, fed incriminating evidence through a paper shredder and conducted a cover-up so pervasive that one investigator calls it "Ice Cream Gate." Indeed, if the 244-count indictment handed up by a Brooklyn grand jury last week can be proved in a trial, a giant scoop of American innocence will have melted away—for the accused is none other than Good Humor Corp., which advertises its ice cream as "the next best thing to love."

The indictment charges that from 1972 through last April, the company falsified records and knowingly shipped out of a plant in Maspeth, Queens, "an adulterated food product." According to Brooklyn District Attorney Eugene Gold, that means Good Humor sold millions of Wildberry Whammy, X-5 Jet-Str Grape, Orange Push-Up and Chocolate Fudge Cake cones, bars and other

ice cream confections containing far more than the legally allowable quantity of coliform bacteria. The bacteria are commonly found in drinking water and dairy products; in small amounts they are nontoxic, but large quantities of them can cause illness. Gold says that bacteria-laden Good Humors were sold throughout the Eastern seaboard and as far west as Kansas.

Bacteria Count. If convicted, Good Humor faces fines of \$1.8 million. Donald Kennedy, now on leave as production director, faces a six-month jail sentence; James Jerram, former manager of quality control, could be jailed for four years. Jerram is on leave from Good Humor's parent, Thomas J. Lipton Inc., which is itself a unit of the Dutch-based multinational Unilever. Good Humor General Counsel David St. Clair says the company is "not guilty."

According to D.A. Gold, the investigation began last November when a "disgruntled employee" of the plant rang the bell on Good Humor. Sleuths looked into the matter, but, says Gold, the company began destroying records of coliform counts, and the plant was closed on April 28, less than two weeks after Gold subpoenaed its papers. Attorney St. Clair maintains that it was shut for economic reasons: "It was kind of out of date." Good Humor now supplies its markets from plants in Chicago and Baltimore.

In all, says Gold, 4,000 to 5,000 documents containing coliform counts on batches of ice cream were destroyed. Investigators nonetheless maintain that they discovered the plant kept two sets of quality-control records: a false one to show state inspectors and an elaborately coded secret set containing true bacteria counts for the company's own use. The secret books showed coliform counts on some batches of ice cream 200 times as high as the law allows. Worse, many other batches were labeled TNTC—meaning that the bacteria were Too Numerous To Count.

BEVERAGES

Bubbling Battle of the Brewers

Superficially, everything would seem to be heading up for the beer business. Per capita consumption of the golden brew in the U.S. last year reached an all-time high, currently equaling about a six-pack a week for every American 18 and over. Beer sales for the past several years have been going up 4% to 5% annually; so far, the rise in 1975 is running around 2%—not bad for a recession year.

The near-term future looks even more yeasty. The number of people in the prime beer-drinking age (21 to 35) will keep increasing into the 1980s. More women are drinking beer, a trend brewers are encouraging by bringing out low-calorie beers and 7-oz. bottles. Beer consumption is rising in the South, traditionally the land of bourbon and Dr Pepper. Even some competitors seem to be unwittingly helping the brewers: soft-drink makers have posted such huge price increases that in California and some other areas, it now costs little more to pick up a six-pack of a popular beer than to buy a six-pack of name-brand soda.

Strangely though, the industry is in about as much ferment as the bubbling wort in a brewer's tank. Small and some not so small regional brewers are constantly going under or at best being bought out by healthier competitors. Main reason: they cannot stand the competition of the Big Five: Anheuser-Busch, Jos. Schlitz, Pabst, Coors and Miller. The rivalry keeps industry prices and profit margins so low (3.8% of sales for Anheuser-Busch) that only the best-managed companies can survive. As a result, the five have increased their share of total barrelage from 55.5% in 1972 to 63.6% last year. But life is not altogether placid for them either: they are locked in a fierce battle for sales and profit supremacy that has some mercurial ups and downs.

High Attrition. By one measure, the beer industry for decades has been shrinking faster than it has been growing. About 700 companies began brewing beer legally when Prohibition ended in 1933; today there are only 54, operating some 100 breweries. The attrition rate is still high, and it is even beginning to include some of beer's biggest names. Falstaff Brewing of St. Louis, for instance, had raised itself to fifth place in 1972 by swallowing, over a period of years, brewers of such popular regional beers as Rhode Island's Narragansett and New Jersey's Ballantine. The expansion cost dearly: Falstaff lost a total of \$11.9 million in 1972 and 1973 alone. This spring Paul Kalmanovitz, owner of San Francisco's General Brewing Co., bought control of Falstaff for \$10 million. Other 1975 brewery turnovers: Theodore Hamm Co. of St. Paul,

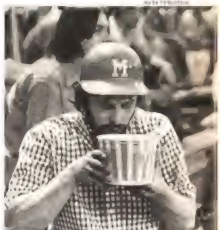
once tenth in the industry, bought out by Washington's expanding Olympia Brewing Co.; and C. Schmidt & Sons of Philadelphia, currently being taken over by G. Heileman Brewing Co. of Wisconsin, which also brews Blatz and some 30 other brands.

Many insiders predict that many more consolidations will take place, unless the trust busters become much stricter than they have been. "Brewing takes a lot of money," observes one Milwaukee supplier to the industry. "It's a big man's game." So big, in fact, that Wall Street Analyst Joseph C. Frazzani predicts that the top five will have more than 95% of the market by 1985. Others disagree. Says Schlitz President and Chairman Robert Uihlein Jr.: "Smaller companies can do very well if they are well run, if they make a good product and have good public relations."

Accent on Taste. Strategies for the struggle show dramatic differences even among the Big Five. Top-ranked Anheuser-Busch, which commanded 23% of the market last year, almost religiously hews to its traditional brewing methods, including use of expensive ingredients, such as all-natural hops, and time-consuming secondary fermentation to carbonate the beer naturally, a process long abandoned by many U.S. brewers. Some critics complain that the methods cost too much: profit on stockholders' equity has been, for the past several years, lower than that of runner-up Schlitz. But August A. Busch III, 38, president and new chief executive officer, insists that the methods guarantee good taste, "and ultimately, the beer drinker will choose taste." One result, he says, is apparent in the company's gains in the first

half of 1975: sales up 22%, profits 33%. Michelob is selling so fast in some areas that dealers cannot keep it on the shelves.

Schlitz, on the other hand, has aggressively pursued efficiency through a broad modernization program, including the use of high-temperature brewing, which cuts production time and heavily automated plants that have earned the name "beer factories." Schlitz plans to spend at least \$180 million on improvements this year, but profits for the first half of 1975 were more than 50% below



*While imports have almost doubled in the past decade, they account for less than 1% of the beer drunk in the U.S.





SWIGGING BEER AT BARS, ROCK CONCERTS, BALL GAMES, BEACHES & PICNICS

a year earlier. Reasons: higher costs for packaging and brewing materials and a strike at five Schlitz breweries this spring that severely reduced shipments.

Meanwhile, says Peter Stroh, president of Detroit's Stroh Brewery Co., other contenders are striving to "make sure they are around after the industry shakes out." Pabst had a sensational first half of 1975—sales up 27%, profits 46%—as it expanded into a more national market. Miller, a subsidiary of Philip Morris, is pushing a \$250 million expansion program that ultimately will double its capacity and is having a foaming success with a new brand, Miller Lite (96 calories per can, v. the standard 151). Dealers in the West, Southeast and Midwest report they cannot keep enough of it in stock to satisfy demand.

As for the current chic favorite, Coors, the company's production increased an average of 14% annually from 1970 to 1974; in the past decade, it has moved from twelfth to fourth place in the industry. Last week the firm made

a different sort of news when former Vice President Spiro Agnew showed up at the Coors Brewery in Golden, Colo., with Golfer Doug Sanders. The two had come to apply for a Coors distributorship in Texas, where Sanders lives. Whether they will get one is in doubt, but apparently Agnew is still a man to jump on a bandwagon.

TRADE

Those Soviet Buyers

In U.S.-Soviet trade, grain deals get all the attention, and are provoking a red-hot debate about the wisdom of allowing the U.S.S.R. untrammelled access to American food supplies (see *THE NATION*). But almost unnoticed amid the hullabaloo, another type of American-Soviet commerce has been expanding far more smoothly and consistently. In an effort to modernize and expand their inefficient economy, the Soviets are turning to the U.S. for machines and technology. As a result, American sales of nonagricultural goods to the Soviet Union are likely to top \$550 million this year, v. \$309 million in 1974 and only \$131 million in 1971.

The rapid rise is occurring despite the lack of any political agreement between the two superpowers on trade. Last January Moscow abrogated a trade-expansion treaty that would have lowered American tariffs on Soviet goods and made Soviet buyers of U.S. products eligible for long-term credits from the Export-Import Bank. Reason Congress attached an amendment, promoted by Democratic Presidential Hopeful Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, that required the U.S.S.R. to allow freer emigration of minorities, especially Jews. At the time, the Soviets grumbled that they would get along without U.S. imports rather than allow such interference in their internal affairs. As recently as three months ago, Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev greeted a U.S. delegation headed by Treasury Secretary William Simon by asking: "Which one of you blocked the trade agreement?"

Self-Interest. Brezhnev, however, accompanied his words with a hearty clap on Simon's back—and other Soviet officials have shown in more concrete ways that they will not allow their anger to stand in the way of their self-interest. Since January, they have been signing deals with U.S. companies, both well-known and obscure. Some samples: a \$50 million order to Allis-Chalmers Corp. for an iron-ore pelletizing plant, a \$47 million contract with Gould Inc. for a plant to produce heavy-duty engine bearings, a \$21 million order for Caterpillar bulldozers and a \$7 million contract with General Instrument Corp. for technical assistance and equipment for manufacturing hand-held calculators. On the consumer front, the Soviets have

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

placed a \$23 million order with Intertek International for machinery to make synthetic furs and signed a contract (dollar amount unspecified) with R.J. Reynolds Industries for technical advice on improving the quality of Russian cigarettes and tobacco.

So eager are the Soviets for some American equipment that they are willing to pay hard cash—including almost \$200 million expended over the past year just to buy U.S. earth-moving machinery. In other instances, the Soviets have suggested to U.S. sellers that a deal be made through an American subsidiary in a country where low-interest government-guaranteed credit is readily available. For example, the Gleason Works of Rochester, N.Y., arranged credits for a \$14 million sale of machine tools and production technology through its Belgian subsidiary.

But, as Ohio's Marion Power Shovel Co. recently learned, the unavailability of U.S. credits to the Soviets can still cost an American company valuable business. After being invited by the Soviets to bid on an order for ten mining shovels, worth about \$30 million, Marion failed to line up financing in the U.S. The Soviets then turned to Marion's Japanese licensee, which had been able to arrange a low-interest government loan for the Soviets. All that Marion will get from the deal is a relatively modest licensing fee.

Shipping to Seventh. Marion's experience points up one major qualification to the rapid rise in U.S.-Soviet trade: mainly because of financing difficulties, it is still not growing as rapidly as Western European and Japanese exports to the U.S.S.R. Indeed, in the past year the U.S. has fallen from second rank (behind West Germany) among the Soviet Union's non-Communist suppliers to seventh. The ranking is unlikely to change, because the Soviets are buying from other countries even more eagerly than from the U.S. Moscow last year bought four artificial fertilizer plants from the U.S.; it ordered the next 13 from Western Europe and Japan. Pullman Corp. was one of the first U.S. companies to land a big contract in the Soviet Union when it won the job of designing the foundry for the huge Kama River truck plant. But, says Donald Morfee, Pullman's vice president responsible for Soviet operations, "We cannot expect business to continue at its present pace without a renewal of credits from the Ex-Im Bank."

To spur a faster expansion of sales to the Soviets, President Ford plans to send Congress a new trade bill that would allow the Russians long-term credits without any political conditions. The Administration's argument: the Jackson Amendment did not help Soviet Jews (who are being allowed to leave in smaller numbers than before), but it hindered the ability of American companies to expand in the increasingly competitive Soviet market.



SCENE OF ARMENIANS MASSACRED BY TURKS, CIRCA 1915; AUTHOR MICHAEL J. ARLEN



Voyage Home

PASSAGE TO ARARAT

by MICHAEL J. ARLEN

293 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.
\$8.95.

"They were not *me* and I could never be *them*." This wholly false conclusion is drawn by the author on his self-styled "voyage" backward through memory, history and time itself. "I" is Michael J. Arlen, the *New Yorker* critic and memoirist; "they" are Armenians, an obscure folk of Asia Minor who happen to be his blood relatives. For despite an elegant Anglo-American breeding, despite the aristocratic postures of his father, Michael Arlen is the son of Dikran Kouyoumjian, few generations removed from the peasant villages of Transcaucasia.

In an earlier volume, *Exiles*, Arlen was a prep school Telemachus, searching for the truth about his late parent, author of *The Green Hat* and other best-selling novels of the '20s, who had succumbed to writer's block, deprecation and obscurity. In that poignant volume the son could only compile small sorrows and acts of redemption. However acute, *Exiles* was the work of a miniaturist. In *Passage to Ararat*, Arlen set himself a near-Homeric task: the recovery of a forgotten people. To accomplish that mission he has performed a series of brilliancies: his research is irreproachable, his ear infallible. His writing retains a clarity and fury that animates each line. The tribes of the Bible leap from the page: the victims of mass murder speak out after decades of silence. Immigrants to the New World, exiles of the U.S.S.R., crack jokes at the devil and embrace the present with a gusto that belies their wretched past.

Armenia, Arlen notes, was a small nation placed by God and geography on the outskirts of the world's great central empires. Rising from the Hurrian

and Hittite tribes of the Euphrates, the Armenians enjoyed a brief spring as soldiers and artisans, then sank into the shadows of barbarian tribes and civilized conquerors from Darius the Great to the Young Turks of this century. The Armenians had made two crucial wagers: on Christianity and the growing power of Europe. But the gamblers, observes their chronicler, "had been in the wrong part of the world to make these bets—or at any rate to hope to collect on them."

Voyeuristic Shudder. Bad times became a way of life. The Muslim Ottoman Empire reduced Armenians to second-class citizens; then, as Asia Minor lurched toward "modernity," Turkey began its series of oppressions. They ended with lethal, unprovoked sweeps across the hills, torturing and killing no one knows how many millions. In 1910, a recent Oxford graduate named Arnold Toynbee, meticulously described the "fiendish" mutilations and abasements. As late as 1918 Henry Morgenthau, U.S. Ambassador to Turkey, protested the mass killings of Armenian women and children. The Turkish Minister of the Interior gave a blanket reply to such plaintiffs: "Those who were innocent today might be guilty tomorrow."

There was something about these atrocities, confesses Arlen, "that bothered me where I had not been bothered before; something more complicated than moral nausea, more troubling than a voyeuristic shudder." To locate that "something," he flew to Soviet Armenia to walk the hallowed ground and converse with remnants of a country that was no longer a nation. The place was a reconciliation of opposites. Mount Ararat, where Noah had brought his ark to rest, hid the radar stations of NATO. The literate Armenians liked "Jerome Salinger" and refused to talk of Solzhenitsyn. They were grateful for a land free of the old oppressions; yet some had seen their sons taken away

by the Russian secret police. These Armenians, too, were running from yesterday. On a summer night one told his guest, "It's too nice an evening for history." But there was never an evening too nice to block tragic recollections. There never would be.

Arlen seizes upon the collective memory of his people and enlivens it with merciless self-examination. His account of genocide has none of Hannah Arendt's lofty mandarinarism. With tenacious force he comes to realize that evil's best accomplice is guilt; if the victim can be made to feel culpable, any crime is possible. Like millions of other historical mourners of every persuasion, Arlen once preferred to ignore his roots, at exorbitant cost. For silence can be a plague, and the most chilling question in the book remains the one that Hitler asked two generations ago: "Who still talks nowadays of the extermination of the Armenians?"

Long Shot. It has taken all this time to find a true talker. Arlen might easily have fixed his face in a harsh attitude. It would have been facile for him to sentimentalize the Armenians. Saroyan style, or to hold them at arm's length, as his father did. Instead, after the atrocious accounts and the sense of humanity's dreadful fragility, Arlen realizes that the "I" has become part of "them," that "to be an Armenian has meant that one has been compelled by circumstance to rise above or fall below—or, anyway, to skirt—these so-called imperatives of nationhood and property, and thus has been free to attempt the struggle of an ordinary life, and to dream more modern dreams, and to try to deal with one's dreams as best one could." It is a faith without dogma, a final belief that "there is a good chance now the clearedhead, impatient young will set their fathers free."

The "good chance" may seem a very modest resurrection for so much suffering. Like the old Armenians, Arlen is

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Guerrilla Bards

DEMOCRACY AND POETRY

by ROBERT PENN WARREN

102 pages. Harvard University Press. \$5.95.

Plato banned poets from his republic, but it was a Pyrrhic triumph. Versifiers have a habit of outlasting politicians, and there is a nucleus of truth in Shelley's romantic declaration, "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." From time to time the acknowledged legislators agree; for one brief, shining moment, Robert Frost even shared the inaugural platform with

created the very concept of free, responsible men that "in an imperfect, stumbling, and ragged way was to become more and more widely available." In the fullness of time, an elitist art helped spawn the rise of the common man.

Why, then, have there been so few memorable hymns to his arrival? Why has so much American literature, from *Huckleberry Finn* to *Gravity's Rainbow*, cauterized America's open society? Because, Warren suggests, great art is rarely hortatory about victories: "What poetry most significantly celebrates is the capacity of man to face the deep, dark inwardness of his nature and his fate." Thus Warren's central paradox: U.S. writers have been the bearers "of bad tidings of great joy." The joy comes from their very freedom to complain, and their message, no matter how resentful, is really "an adventure in the celebration of life." A work of art is more than just an independent image. It is an assertion of the artist's own liberation.

Mini-Anthology. Warren darkly foresees such art becoming ever more subversive in a brave new technology. Artists will be pariahs, ministering to the few who can recall the significance of democracy. This prediction smacks of the ivory tower. American artists have always felt more isolated than they really were. Though it has not always understood them, the U.S. middle class has in fact lionized its writers. As for American painters and sculptors, it is now impossible for them to *épater les bourgeois*. Today the bourgeoisie vie with each other for possession of the most avant-garde gesture. Given this tradition, Warren's fear that creators will suddenly be ostracized seems unduly somber.

Still, his thoughts about the abstractions of the individual are valid and troubling: "We are driving," observes Warren, "toward the destruction of the very assumption on which our nation is founded." His use of American literature to buttress this charge creates an inspired mini-anthology. By the book's close, Warren's defense of art becomes an antidote to the despondency he professes. Amid all the euphoria of the Bicentennial, this small volume concludes with a sharp, and, in the deepest sense, patriotic note.

Paul Gray

Nosferatu

THE ANNOTATED DRACULA

by BRAM STOKER

With an introduction, notes and bibliography by LEONARD WOLF

Art by SATTY

362 pages. Potter. \$14.95.

Seventy-eight years have passed since Bram Stoker dredged him from the velvet underground of Victorian sexual repression. The authentic apocalypse of war, the real specter of deprivation, should have exorcised this titled vampire long ago. Instead, Count Dracula has become the Western world's most

enduring ghoulish. There are Dracula dolls, songs, comic books and histories—proving the existence of a 15th century tyrant dubbed Dracul (dragon). Vampire movies have been made almost since the dawn of cinema and, according to Editor Leonard Wolf, there are now more than 200 Dracula film titles, ranging from the silent *Nosferatu* to the ethnic exploitation flick *Blackula*.

Nevertheless, not many of the Count's constituents have ever bothered to read Stoker's epistolary novel. They are missing an authentic, if somewhat creaky treat. The story of the elegant old party, traveling from Transylvania to London in search of fresh plasma, was silly when it was written and is silly still.

"On the other hand," writes Editor Wolf, a professor of English who once taught a course on *Dracula* at San Francisco State University, "from its pages there rise images so dreamlike and yet so imperative that we experience them as ancient allegories. Everywhere one looks, there flicker the shadows of primordial struggles; the perpetual tension between the dark and the light; the wrestling match between Christ and Satan; and finally, the complex allegories of sex: sex in all its unimaginable innocence, or sex reeking with the full perfume of the swamp. And all these urgencies are seen or sensed through a hot wash of blood which, deny it though we will, fascinates us nearly to the point of shame."

Full perfume of the swamp, indeed. Whether a scholar who writes in so deep a shade of

BRAM STOKER (ABOVE) AND SATTY
ILLUSTRATION FOR ANNOTATED DRACULA



AUTHOR ROBERT PENN WARREN

Bad tidings a great joy.

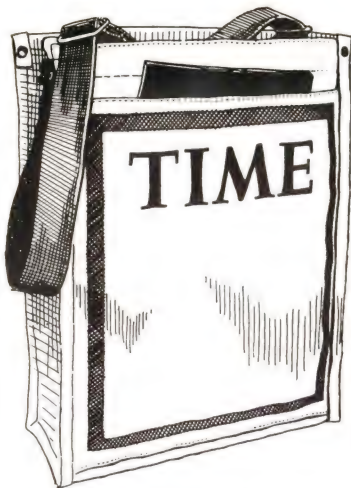
John F. Kennedy. That, however, was a greater victory for p.r. than for poetry. The recent snubbing of Solzhenitsyn by the White House suggests that things have returned to the Platonic state. Which is where they should be, according to Robert Penn Warren's *Democracy and Poetry*: when poets begin pleasing the powerful, citizens had best look for the nearest exit.

Warren, 70, whose career has included Pulitzer Prizes for both poetry and fiction, does not shirk controversy in these two sinuously reasoned essays. He contends that art and democracy feed on each other, because both depend on the play of unfettered minds. At first glance, this seems preposterous: Western art has flourished under monarchies, tyrannies and varied refractions of the Imperial style. But Warren argues that the Greek dramatists and Roman poets

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purple can even comprehend shame is uncertain. Yet Wolf's conclusion has some merit. Stoker, who was secretary to the actor Sir Henry Irving, shrewdly swotted Transylvanian geography and vampire lore at the British Museum reading room. His gleanings provided a European psychohistory before the term was coined, covering half-remembered terrors with gothic cobwebs. Stoker wrote several other romances of no particular power, but in *Dracula* he managed to create a classic, forever stalking his readers when their moral and rational defenses are down.

His corrupt aristocrat moves painfully by day. At night, of course, he is able to change from man to bat to wolf to fog. The human characters who have been hunting Dracula in the light now lie abed, weak with doubt, receptive to phantoms. A winged shape flutters at the casement—ludicrous as a plot device, but classically suggestive as an embodiment of dread.

Undone Bodice. In Dracula's castle, where the innocent solicitor's clerk Jonathan Harker has traveled to conclude a real estate deal, vampire women swirl in the air around his bed. "I felt in my heart a wicked, burning desire that they would kiss me with those red lips," the victim confesses to his diary. The present decade is less giddy at the glimpse of an undone bodice than Stoker's 1890s. But it is no less susceptible to the small-hour fantods: as F. Scott Fitzgerald noted, in the dark night of the soul it is always 4 in the morning.

A great part of this pleasure of this singular Dracula edition lies in its lush design. Slaty, a *Rolling Stone* illustrator, provides wicked amalgams of Gustave Doré and Krafft-Ebing. The text of Stoker's first edition has been photocopied, and Wolf adds his ineffable bits in the wide margins. He is an obsessed pedant, annotating everything but the page numbers. We are given the recipe for Paprika Hendel, a chicken dish eaten by Harker; we see how to ventilate a fevered brain with a trephining operation; we find that *nosferatu* is a Hungarian word meaning non-dead; we learn to make blood pills of cloves, resin, aloes and more occult items. It is all absurd, irrelevant—and diverting.

Best of all, we have the words of the immortal monster himself. At one point, Mina, Jonathan's young wife, recalls: "With a mocking smile, he placed one hand upon my shoulder and, holding me tight, bared my throat with the other, saying as he did so: 'First a little refreshment to reward my exertions. You may as well be quiet; it is not the first time, or the second, that your veins have appeased my thirst!' I was bewildered, and, strangely enough, I did not want to hinder him."

Nor do the millions who have since succumbed to the Count's irresistible blandishments. He began as a villain, but eight decades later, happily, the fables are turned.

John Skow

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By CELIA WALLACE

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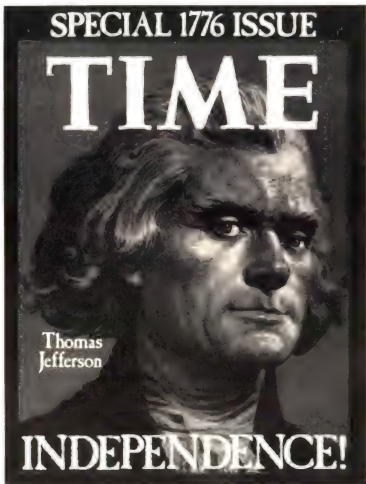
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Crazy About Gakureki

When Haruo Takano, a Tokyo sixth-grader, comes home in the middle of the afternoon after a full day at school, he has a quick snack and takes a nap for an hour or so. Then promptly at 5, he packs up his books again and heads off to a second school, where he studies until 9. Back home once more, he locks himself in his room for two hours of homework, including one with a private tutor. Not until midnight is little Haruo, 11, finally allowed to turn out his light. Says he, wearily: "I'm happy only when I hop into bed."

Haruo's grueling day is not uncommon in Japan, where a child's chances for future success in politics, business or the professions depend heavily on the prestige of his *gakureki*—literally, his academic background. One index of the increasing pressure on young Japanese to pile up an impressive *gakureki* is the phenomenal rise of after-hours or weekend schools known as *juku*. Their main purpose: to help students cram for tough competitive entrance exams required to get into the most select high schools and the best colleges.

Kindergarten Juku. A generation ago, there were only a few *juku*; today some 600,000 large and small ones are in operation, or nearly 17 for each of Japan's 35,400 primary and secondary schools. Fully 6 million of Japan's 10 million primary school students attend *juku* in the hope of bettering their chances of getting into the top junior and senior high schools, some of which accept only one in 20 applicants. Millions more go to other *juku* to prepare for college. The recent coming of affluence has also brought *juku* that prep children for kindergarten—and even some that ease the way into other *juku*.

The schools range from one-room, family-run operations with perhaps 20 students in rural areas to vast urban mills like Tokyo's Yotsuya Otsuka, which has an enrollment of 15,000. Fees run as high as \$100 a month, for which the *juku*, using the same rote memory teaching system that is the staple of Japan's public schools, give students hours of drilling in the sort of names, facts and dates that come up in multiple-choice school entrance exams.

Quality varies widely. One of the best-regarded *juku*, Tokyo's Nippon Shingaku Kyoshitsu (Japanese Entrance Examination School), is so popular that children commute to its Sunday sessions from distant areas by jet plane and bullet train. Some 2,600 pupils—all sixth-graders prepping for the junior high entrance exam—attend the school. A typical class starts at 8:30 a.m. and continues for 50 minutes with the teacher asking questions and 100 pupils chanting back the answers. ("When did

the Russo-Japanese war break out?" "When was the League of Nations formed?") Recently, a visitor asked one student if she found the routine boring. "No," she replied determinedly. "It's very useful."

Not everyone agrees. Toyokichi Endo, a Tokyo elementary schoolteacher who is a leading critic of the *juku*, calls them "unhealthy and unnatural" institutions that turn children into "monsters capable of coping with entrance tests but little else." Others worry about the *gakureki* system that has spawned the *juku*. The merciless competition for places in top schools has been deplored by, among others, Sony Corp. President Akio Morita, author of a 1966 book on "the importance of disregarding *gakureki*."

But such advice is widely ignored—sometimes with tragic consequences. In the first three months of this year alone, 13 Japanese elementary and junior high school students committed suicide in apparent despair over their academic prospects. The toll rose further early in July in one especially telling episode. Mari Ito, 12, a Tokyo junior high school student who had been hurt in a traffic accident, became despondent when she was told that she would be hospitalized and unable to keep up with her studies for three months. Her mother, Mrs. Fumiyo Ito, 39, was even more distraught: she strangled Mari in her hospital bed, surrendered to the police, then committed suicide in jail.

Alumni Colleges

In the past, most alumni have returned to their college campus only for football games and reunions. This summer, however, thousands of old grads are going back for special one- and two-week programs known as "alumni colleges." They live in undergraduate dorms and sit up for all-night talk sessions. Courses range from "Life Up There and Down Here," dealing with the possibility of life in outer space (Cornell), to "The Reshaping of the American Dream" (Stanford). The spread of such programs in the past few years represents one of the few growth areas in U.S. higher education. Says Dartmouth Alumni Director Michael Stuart: "People want to think a little more. After they've been here a few days they're really fired up."

For many alumni, a week or so on campus offers the advantage of a relatively inexpensive vacation with a chance to learn



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PUPILS MEDITATING BEFORE ENTRANCE EXAMS



STAYING AWAKE WITH COLD WATER

something. Curtis Reis, 41, a vice president of Banker's Trust Co. in Manhattan, attended his fourth alumni college at Cornell last month. Says he: "It is a tremendous combination of a vacation and a different kind of intellectual experience, an exposure to good minds and a chance to explore subjects you can't in the normal course of life." Alfred Moellering, 48, a judge in Fort Wayne, Ind., his wife and two children enrolled in the one-week mini-university at Indiana University for each of the past three years; this summer the adults studied political science and the arts while the children were busy with a recreation program of their own. "The whole family is enthusiastic about it," says Moellering. "It doesn't happen very often that you find something that everybody agrees on."

Camping, Canoeing. Across the nation, about 15 alumni colleges have been in session this summer; most recruit alumni, but accept other adults as well. The cost varies widely. Indiana, for example, charges adults a \$40 registration fee plus \$46 for room and board for a week; the fee for children is only half. At the higher end of the scale, Dartmouth's twelve-day program costs \$345 for adults and \$220 for children—but the children have a special vacation of their own with camping, sailing and canoeing off campus.

Although the alumni colleges do not hold exams or give grades, most insist on serious academic work. Stanford sends its applicants a five-book reading list (including Richard Barnett's *Roads of War* and Robert Heilbroner's *An Inquiry into the Human Prospect*) in the spring. But some programs take a less intellectual approach. For instance, about 85 adults have signed up for a seven-day course in crime and justice at the University of Oregon this month. In one class a private detective is scheduled to demonstrate how to protect a house from burglars. Many of Oregon's students have not attended a traditional college at all. However, Grace Graham, director of the alumni college, says that "the ones who come without a college degree are usually so well read you can't tell the difference."

Some universities hold short versions of alumni colleges. Northwestern, for example, offers one-day programs geared to specific subjects. Lectures include "Cultural Life in the Soviet Union" and "Where Have All Our Heroes Gone?" They have been so popular that Northwestern is thinking of starting a five-day college next year.

So far, the summer programs seem as popular with the colleges as they are with the aging students. The institutions make use of facilities that otherwise would be idle, and they establish an intellectual—and occasionally financial—rapport with alumni. One Brown graduate was so impressed by his alumni college last year that he sat down and wrote the university a \$5,000 check.

The Perilous Month

"New York is full of people who are crazy till Labor Day," complained Woody Allen in the movie *Play It Again, Sam*. Allen was one of them. "If I only knew where my damn analyst was," he wailed. "Where do they go every August?" The answer, of course, is that they go on vacation. Some psychiatrists say they choose August because Freud did, though others debunk that notion as too Freudian. "An August vacation," explains Dr. William Frosch, a Manhattan psychiatrist, "is built into your training from the start. Your analyst took August and so you start doing so yourself."

Psychiatrists are also trained to give their patients plenty of advance notice of their departure. "If a patient falls apart when his doctor is away, the physician is not practicing psychiatry. He is instead a babysitter," says Dr. Jules Masserman of Chicago. "We strive to make patients self-sufficient." Some doctors arrange to have their practices covered or leave their phone numbers for emergencies. "Woody Allen is wrong," says Boston's Dr. Henry Friedman. "Everyone doesn't just depart and leave a group of neurotics marching around the city."

The doctor's absence may actually

be therapeutic for the patient if he is coached to take advantage of it. According to a study of vacations made by Detroit's Dr. Alexander Grinstein, "The ego utilizes periods away from analysis to consolidate, assimilate or synthesize the insights that have been made."

Still, many patients feel resentful the minute their therapist leaves town. Explains Dr. Jacob Swartz of Boston: "It has to do with the mythology of the godlike physician, the fantasy that doctors are monklike hairshirt types who never need a vacation." Moreover, because a patient tends to establish a close parent-child relationship with his psychiatrist, he feels abandoned during his absence. Vacationing on Cape Cod last August, Manhattan Psychoanalyst David Mann received several phone calls from patients who had read about the novel *Jaws*. "They asked if I have been eaten by a shark. What they really wanted to know was whether I was coming back for their therapy sessions."

Fantasy Father. Some patients hope to punish their absent therapists by performing impulsive, even dangerous acts. Suicide attempts or threats are not uncommon. People under treatment for psychosomatic illnesses like asthma or ulcerative colitis have experienced violent flare-ups of their diseases while

their psychiatrists were away. Swartz recalls that one debt-ridden patient suddenly took out a loan for a new Mercedes. Other patients have rushed to the altar, returned to heavy drinking or started gambling wildly. One Manhattan analyst recalls that over the years, three of his patients have unexpectedly become pregnant in August. Admits the doctor: "I am the fantasy father of all three."



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"Look! Your analyst will be on vacation. My analyst will be on vacation. Armistice in August, agreed?"

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The Ice Pick.

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